VOL. CCXXXIII, No. 3029
TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Reg'd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
APRIL 19, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

MACANUDO
Jamaica's Best Cigar

Apollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...
ask for a Scotch and POLLY

Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Beautiful Silk Ties in original designs
THE WHITE HOUSE
51 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W.1

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS · CEREBOS LTD
Cerebos
Salt of crystal purity

MORNY
of Regent Street · London
FINE SOAPS · MATCHING BATH LUXURIES · PERFUMES

Insist on KUNZLE
CAKES AND CHOCOLATES
A compliment to Good Taste
C KUNZLE LIMITED BIRMINGHAM

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/6

Firestone

now introduce the

Nylon "500"

for extra strength and safety

Nylon "500" is stronger, tougher, absorbs road shocks better.

Nylon "500" runs cooler, gives additional protection against blowouts.

Nylon "500" costs only a few shillings more.

Nylon "500" gives greater safety.

Nylon "500" Tubeless tyres are available in popular sizes.

EXPERIENCE COUNTS

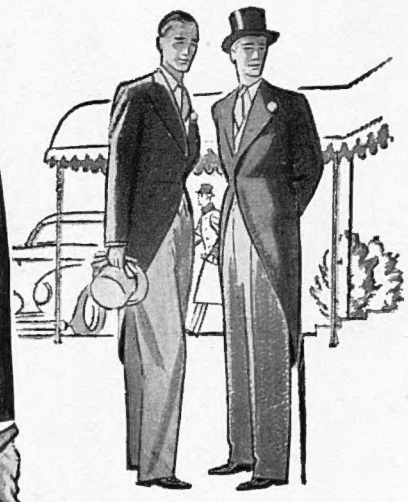
44 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.

DRIVE SAFELY

Firestone TYRES – consistently good

When it's an occasion...

Morning Suits for SALE or HIRE



MOSS BROS & CO LTD

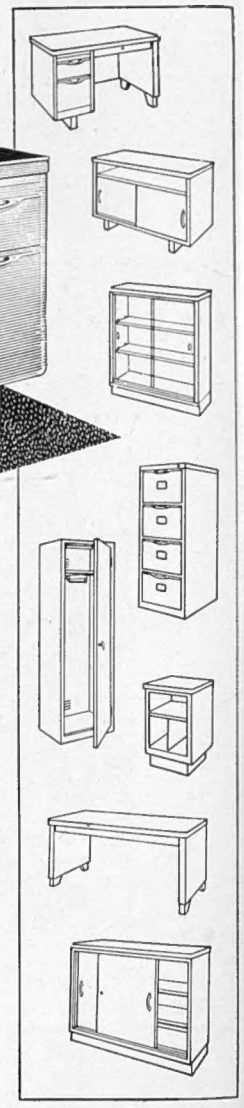
OF COVENT GARDEN W.C.2

THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Nearest Station Leicester Square

Temple Bar 4477

Not just a desk . . .



. . . A COMPLETE SUITE

If you wish your office to look impressive as well as efficient, the new 400-Style Suite is the answer. A basic design of exceptional merit has been adapted to a full range of complementary units. These provide for the utmost flexibility in modern office furnishing whilst maintaining harmony and dignity throughout. Immaculately styled ; many interesting features ; robustly constructed.
Please ask for brochure SE999.

400-STYLE

a matching suite of office furniture in steel

G. A. HARVEY & CO. (LONDON) LTD.,
Woolwich Road, London, S.E.7
GREenwich 3232 (22 lines)

HARVEY

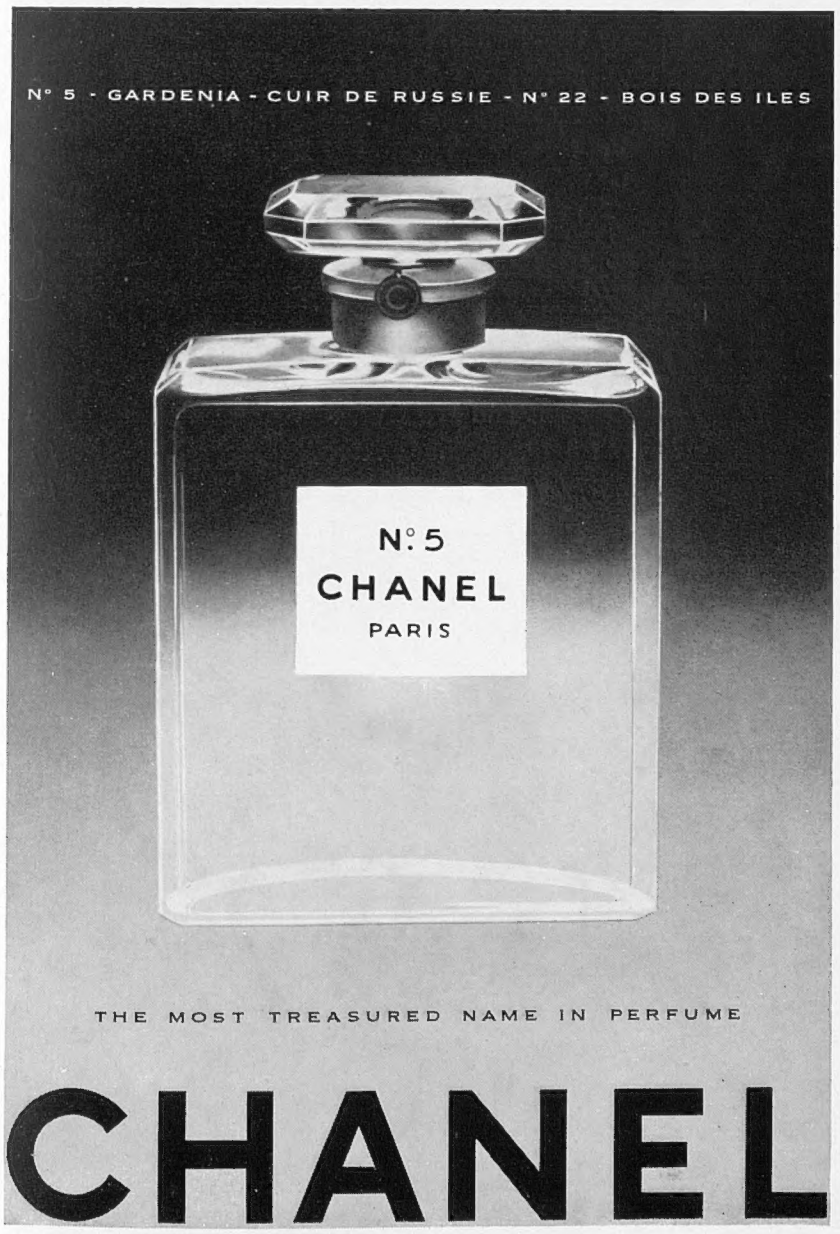
IN THE DOLOMITES,

that wonderful gift of nature, enchanting holidays for relaxation, sport and gaiety.

Cheap tourist petrol—
Reductions on railways

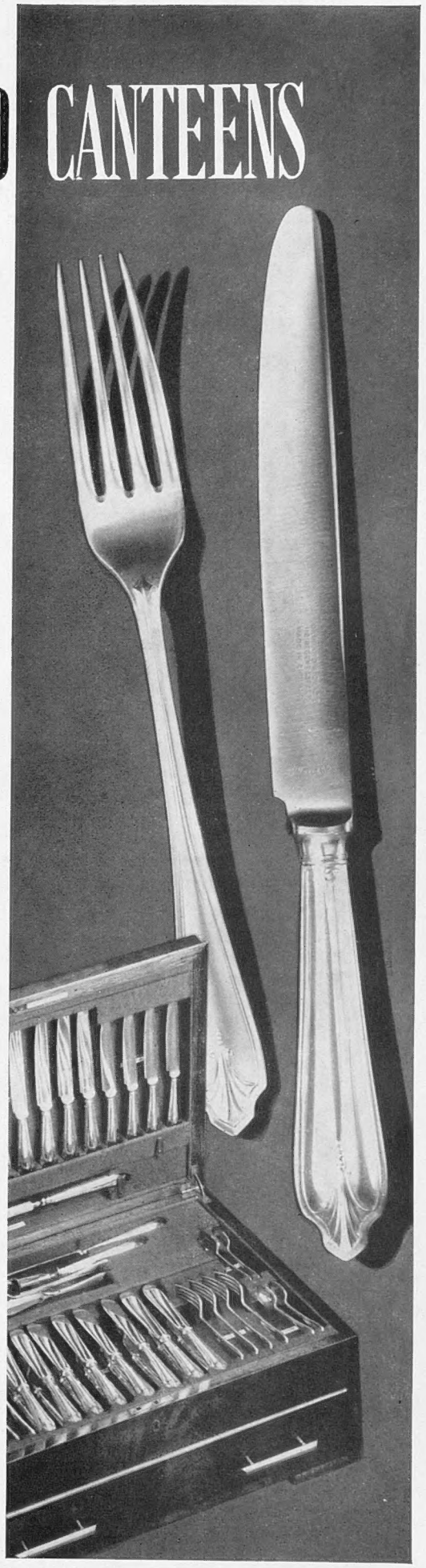
Your Travel Agent will arrange inclusive tours or independent reservations

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT)
201, Regent Street, London, W.1



GARRARD CANTEENS

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS &
CROWN JEWELLERS



Walnut cabinet fitted with Regent Plate Hampden pattern Spoons, Forks and hard-soldered cutlery (83 pieces).
£86.10.0

An illustrated catalogue of Regent Plate will be sent on request.

GARRARD & Co Ltd

crown jewellers

112 REGENT STREET
LONDON W.1

FORMERLY THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.
TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021

Now . . . for men who admire good cloth . . .

Colour comes quietly into its own

At last it's happened. Men are now becoming colour conscious. And the people who've performed this minor miracle are the weavers north of the border who make Scottish Woollens.

A few months ago the words 'Scottish Woollens' conjured up the heavy clothes worn on the grouse moors. But now, men about town know better. For the Scottish weavers are making lightweight and medium cloths that appeal to the man in the city. And the most important point about Scottish Woollens is that they use colour in a different way . . . blending subtle shades and quiet tones into designs that give a definite masculine character to the cloth.

The result is a discreet revolution in men's clothes —a revolution greatly welcomed by their wives. And the most significant thing about it is that this is a trend which has started at the top. Men who have reached the peak of their professions are the most enthusiastic wearers of Scottish Woollens. Yet it is not a matter of fashion, for such men are immune to the fads of fashion. It is simply that an opportunity arose. And the men who know how to seize opportunities have found in Scottish Woollens something too good to miss.

If you would like to know more about these high-quality, all-wool cloths . . . these Saxonies, Cheviots and Worsteds that make such good use of subdued colour . . . *write to the address below for a copy of the new illustrated booklet . . . and look for the symbol in your tailor's shop.*

FINE WOOLLENS · WOVEN IN SCOTLAND · CERTIFICATION TRADE MARK

Scottish Woollens

—SYMBOL OF THE NEW AGE OF ELEGANCE

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN PUBLICITY COUNCIL
27 CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH 2
or DORLAND HOUSE, 18/20 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

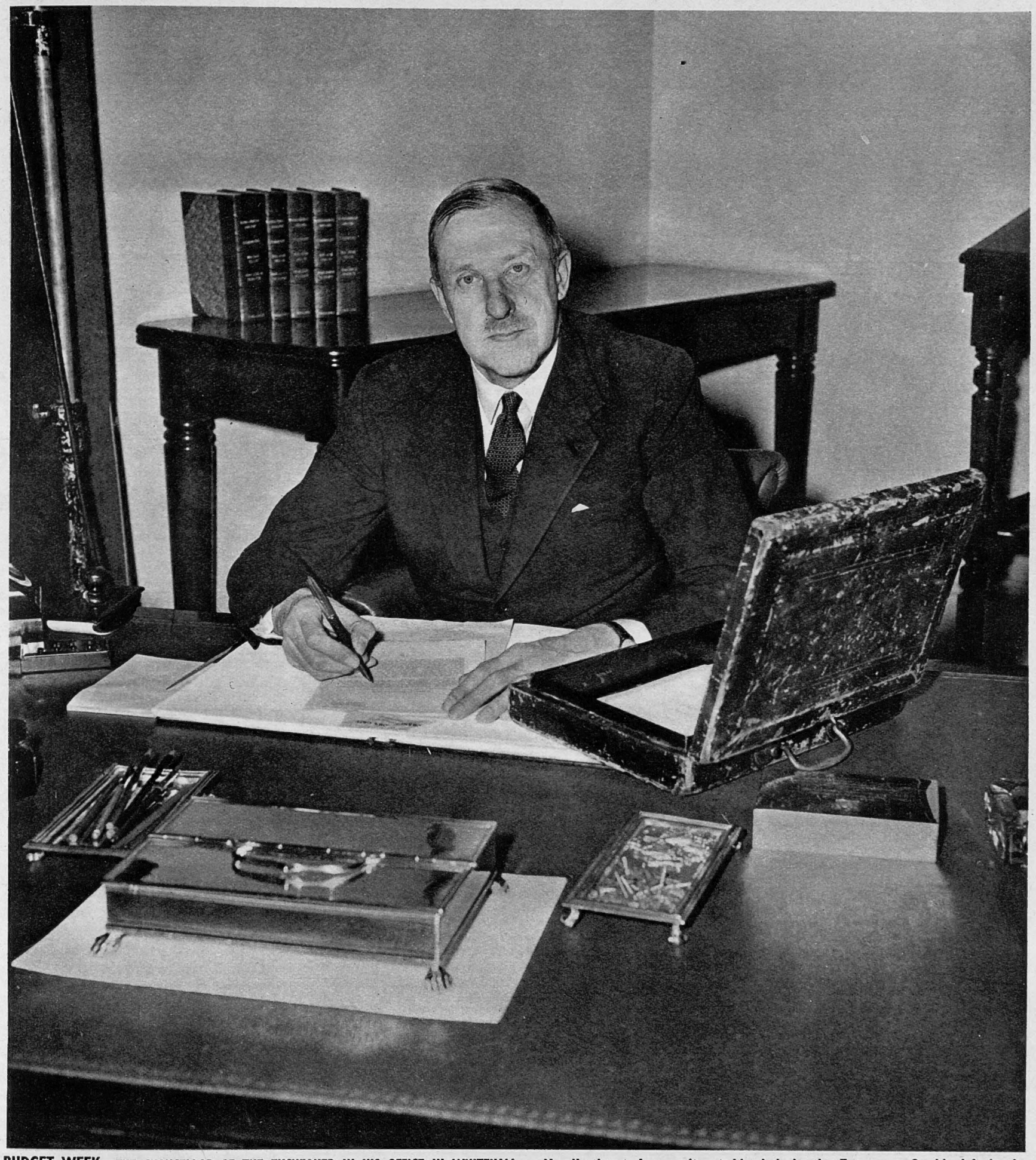
Volume CCXXXIII No. 3029

The SPHERE, London, April 19, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

© 1958. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

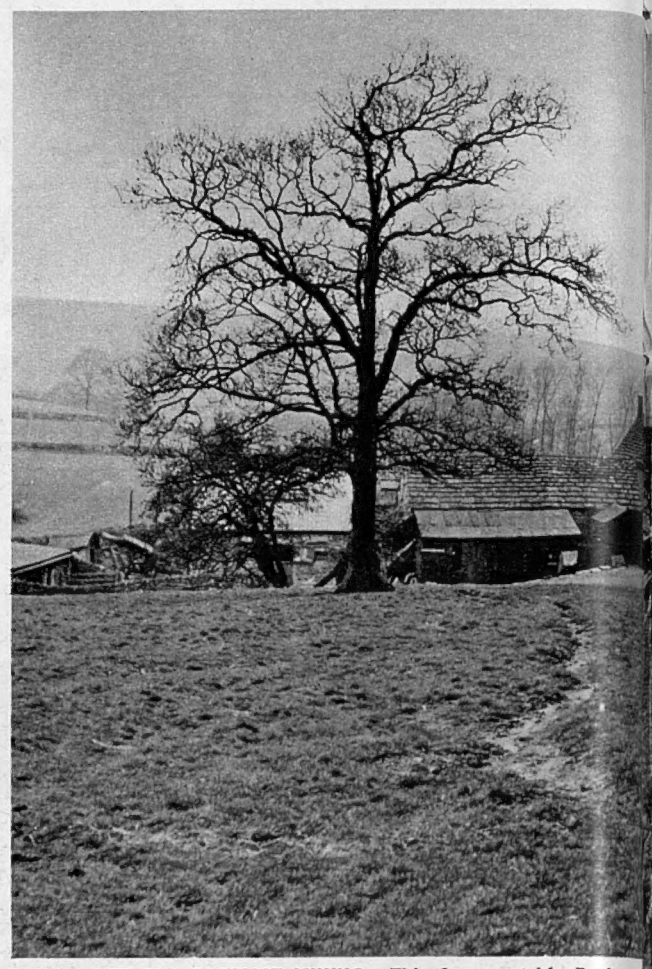


BUDGET WEEK—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN HIS OFFICE IN WHITEHALL: Mr. Heathcoat Amory sits at his desk in the Treasury. On his left is the famous Despatch Box in which Chancellors carry their secrets to announce them to the House on Budget Day. Mr. Heathcoat Amory gave his review of Britain's financial situation and his proposals for taxation last Tuesday (April 15). It was the first Budget he had presented. He succeeded Mr. Peter Thorneycroft in January.

Budget Day is always one of the outstanding annual occasions in the House of Commons. For decades it has followed the same dramatic course. The Chancellor enters the Chamber carrying the Despatch Box which, according to tradition, was first used by Mr. Gladstone during his tenure of the Treasury. The major part of the Chancellor's speech is a survey of the financial year. After this period, in which he keeps Members guessing, without any indication of his proposals, he proceeds to announce his plans for increases or reductions in taxation. Throughout the whole two hours or more of the speech, most Chancellors tend to be unrelievedly serious. Sir Winston Churchill, in the second Baldwin Government, was inevitably an exception. On one occasion he took a sip from the glass of liquid which he had to help him sustain himself through his Budget, and remarked: "I will now proceed to fortify the Revenue." On another, he referred to the "road on the Raid Fund." Mr. Heathcoat Amory is the twelfth to hold the office since Sir Winston left the Treasury in 1929. He was presenting his first Budget last Tuesday, having succeeded Mr. Thorneycroft after his sensational resignation last January. The Chancellor is Member for the Tiverton Division of Devonshire. He was moved to the Treasury from the Ministry of Agriculture.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

A GLASS-FIBRE LAUNCH ON THE THAMES: The *Al Samama* speeds downstream at Westminster with the Houses of Parliament in the background. She was on her way to London Docks for shipment to Aden for service with the B.P. Tanker Company. Built of glass fibre, she is believed to be the largest craft of her type in the world.



A NEW SITE FOR OPENCAST MINING: This farm outside Barlow, coal has been discovered near the surface. Local critics sta that the large and graded coal can be obtained from openca

Per Ardua Ad Astra.—Perhaps the less said about Easter 1958 the better. But I felt no inclination to ridicule or sneer at the marchers to Aldermaston. On the contrary, I wished that Heaven, which is generally assumed to back their opinion, had afforded them better weather for the journey, especially through the dismal and critical Hounslow stretch where so many of the weaker brethren fell away. It 's an ugly road even when the sun shines and you can cover it at 40 m.p.h. Perhaps Heaven and I shared the same opinion of physical gestures of that kind. A man must be free from self-consciousness and the *fou rire* to take part in them. He must be impervious to all comic aspects, must never critically examine the faces and apparel of his fellow-marchers, which sometimes lend themselves to giggles, and must resist the suspicion that he is a pilgrim in a very mixed crew of cranks, sensation-lovers, exhibitionists, fanatics, Communists and such. I am not capable of being impervious to such oddities and have never marched or demonstrated. That perhaps is an admission of moral cowardice. For, after all, physical gestures are about the only weapon left in the hands of minorities even in Britain. They secured the vote for women and some alleviation for the downtrodden in Chartist days. Mere words and arguments (except on the eve of elections) are powerless to move Governments, and God knows we have had enough of them poured out these last months. Whatever the *common sense* of the issue of abolishing nuclear weapons, whatever the *practical* difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, you can find justification for a desperate gesture (even a march through Hounslow in the snow), if you recall the latest reverse by the Western Powers in their continual diplomatic rout by the Kremlin, and if you keep in memory the repeated parrot-cries and contradictions of frightened, puzzled politicians dinned into your ears day after day. Not least Mr. Dulles' latest diplomatic brutality. If to be worldly-wise on this issue makes our statesmen look so foolish and muddle-headed and absurd, there is some justification for trying to tackle the problem Heavenly-wise, even at great inconvenience and discomfort. And, upon my soul, the disordered straggle-march of our Western statesmen seems to me more tragi-comic by far than the march to Aldermaston.

A London Newsletter

"Scrap All H-Bombs"—If the Socialists' policy for plenty and social justice is no more practical than its tardily revised policy for peace and disarmament, I don't quite see why the waverers should wobble over to Labour at an election. Mr. John Strachey's pamphlet, endorsed by Gaitskell, suggests to me:

> I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
> But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Here are the "remedies" to be adopted, if only Labour ruled. Here are the very tardy "Oughts"—"practical and immediate steps." First, the Government *should have* taken more positive efforts for a summit conference; second, Britain should suspend hydrogen-bomb tests in the hope that U.S. and U.S.S.R. would follow suit. The fact that Russia got in first while the pamphlet was being hastily written is obviously a credit to Labour's brilliant prevision. The next step is "clearly" to get all H-bomb tests suspended and "to establish an effective system of inspection and control." Third, simultaneously with suspending our own H-bomb tests, a wise Government should seek international agreement to stop H-bomb tests, and A-bomb tests also universally "if any way of detecting them can be found." International control over conventional forces and the destruction of existing stocks of nuclear weapons are "also necessary." As for disengagement between East and West (another "necessity"), if only the Western powers would adopt the Gaitskell plan for a neutral belt (so difficult to distinguish from the Rapacki), then East and West would come together. But, concludes the Labour wizard, it would be folly to weaken Britain's power by disarming completely. At the same time, "the chance of salvation for the world may depend on a Labour Government being in power in Britain." The British electorate may be easily hoodwinked and not sufficiently interested in foreign policy or in anything outside its own immediate backyard. But the Strachey pamphlet, with rich bromidic plums in a mass of turgid dough, pulled hastily out of the oven, can hardly prove a vote-winner.

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

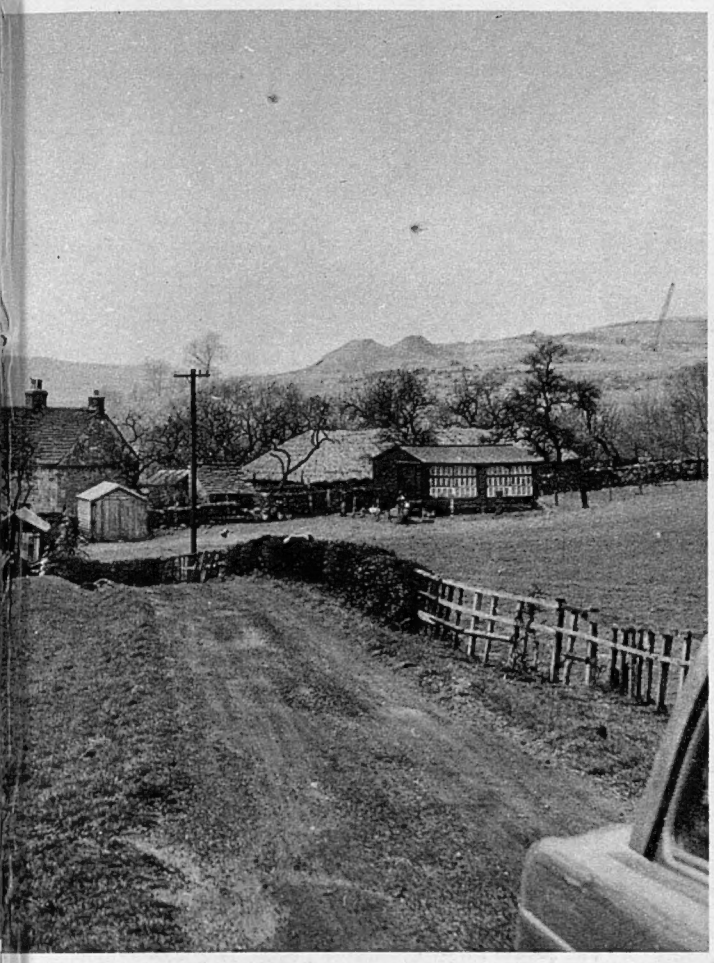
Liberal Promises.—Anyone may be right to seize a legitimate occasion for a celebration and the Liberals found one in the victory at Torrington. There were gathered the young heroes, Kennedy and Bonham Carter, there was Lady Violet and there the Liberal doyen Lord Samuel, aged eighty-seven, and looking forward to the dawn, the restoration of Liberalism as a living political force. Remember, Lord Samuel was contesting a seat in Parliament as a Liberal when Gladstone was still living and remember that Gladstone sat in the first Reformed Parliament of 1832. It was a fair occasion for purple passages and rosy dreams. Lady Violet was deeply moved by the election and was stirred to a very purple passage indeed:—"I had a strange sense of being a member of an army of liberation entering occupied country which for years had been ruled by Quislings and collaborators and that their day was over once and for all. There are in England thousands of Liberals living in occupied territory whom we have got to liberate." I suppose I am one of them. But though I acknowledge no hero-worship among the leaders of the main parties, I see most of them rather as quibblers than as Quislings, more frightened than frightful, hazy rather than Nazi. I suppose, too, that millions of Hungarians, if they were to hear the same passage in their own language and believed in its promise, would fling their hats in the air higher than I can manage to do—and with far more justification and enthusiasm. For my part, I have not Lord Samuel's youthful enthusiasm and elasticity. I may be a mere boy compared with him on a bald count of years, but somehow I can't manage to look ahead to the day when the Golden Gates open to let in the liberating army to expel the last Quisling. Alas, there are millions, not thousands, of Liberals to be liberated or converted before that day dawns and I greatly fear the army of liberation will stamp on my grave.

Life Peerages: Some Unconsidered Trifles.—At the moment, I believe, there exists no provisional list of the first creations under the Life Peerages Act, though June and the half-yearly Honours List are not far off. Let me list, for the fun of it, a few more "unconsidered trifles" which were never settled during the Act's drafting and have been left to the Sovereign's will and pleasure (no doubt under ministerial advice). Are the "lifers" all to be Barons ? Some wished that higher grades could be bestowed in suitable cases and indeed in theory there is, subject to the Sovereign's decision, nothing to rule out earldoms, even if marquisates and dukedoms are obviously too absurd. It was discussed, as I have said, whether the Law Lord precedent should be followed and the children of "lifers" be accorded the appropriate courtesy title. It was weakly decided to follow that

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any book-stall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. All terms below include postage.*

Published Weekly 2/6	3 MONTHS (*No Extras*)	6 MONTHS (*Without Xmas No.*)	6 MONTHS (*Including Xmas No.*)	12 MONTHS (*Including Xmas No.*)
Gt. Britain and Eire	1 17 6	3 14 0	3 18 6	7 12 0
Elsewhere Abroad ...	1 18 0	3 15 0	3 19 6	7 14 6
Canada	1 14 6 (or $5.25)	3 8 0 (or $10.0)	3 12 6 (or $10.50)	7 0 6 (or $19.50)
U.S.A.	$5.75	$11.00	$11.50	$22.50



Derbyshire, will shortly be taken over by the National Coal Board as that good farming land will be lost but the National Coal Board claim mining in this area. Large coal is that used for household consumption.

RIVERS OF COAL: An onlooker surveys thousands of tons of coal stored in disused quarries in the Peak District. These stocks of coal have been brought from mines near Chesterfield. The National Coal Board state that the coal stored in this area is of the fine small kind mainly used in power stations and large industrial boilers.

precedent and overcrowd the "Hons' cupboard." Well, now, suppose a lifer earldom were bestowed on a retiring Premier (an earldom is his due, traditionally), his eldest son would enjoy the courtesy title of lord or viscount. On his father's death, he would not, of course, succeed to the earldom, but would he remain a courtesy viscount? His sisters, of course, would remain for life "Lady Jane" and "Lady Joan," but *his* title would hang on nothing substantial after his father's death. These trivial and unconsidered points serve as examples of the light-hearted sketching-out of what may be the last effort at reform for some years. What a pity the sponsors did not plump for life-senators and spare the Sovereign and some of the chosen these small headaches!

In Justice to the Lords.—The House of Lords no doubt is a fair Aunt Sally for critics and humorists, not because it is inefficient in *practice* but because it is *potentially* dangerous, illogical and antiquated. This leads me to underline a point which critics (above all, House of Commons critics) never appreciate or admit. The Lords are utterly powerless to do what for decades they have tried to do in the only effective line of reform: which is to secure the principle that *inheritance of a peerage shall not include the right to a seat in the Upper House.* That provision (as far back as Lord Rosebery's recommendations) was a chief plank in reform by the Lords themselves and has been reaffirmed in recent times. But it is the Commons, and not only one party in that House, that have consistently refused to co-operate with the Lords in that or any other measure which would make the Upper House appear a patently more effective and logical chamber—not for fear that it would thereby regain lost powers—which are by all accepted now as lost for ever—but because the Commons will do nothing to give the Upper House a more modern face. It is therefore only justice that someone should point out the enormity of ridiculing or contemning the Lords from the floor of the Commons who consistently prevent the Lords from reforming themselves. As *The Times* remarked in a "leader" on July 5, 1873, "it is the vice of democratic assemblies to arrogate all powers to themselves." All the Lords now can do, they are even now beginning to do; they are circularising 450 of their backwoodsmen requiring them to apply for leave of absence or to attend as in duty bound. A dangerous bluff perhaps! But it is a significant fact that about forty-five peers of old creation have never even taken the trouble to send in the few proofs of *entitlement* to receive a writ of summons—and have therefore never received it.

Prison Without Bars?—"Scarface" Parsons has "returned to the Scrubs for the Season" (or a season). To some of us, perhaps, it may appear odd that a convicted man serving a seven-year sentence for robbery with violence can apparently escape at will and can voluntarily surrender his liberty on receiving promises of another "impartial" investigation of his case given him by a former prison visitor, acting apparently as go-between. This curious state of affairs suggests that crime and punishment, prison and British justice itself are not what they were. For either Parsons was properly convicted in which case he should have been kept in prison and not have been able to make two successful and prolonged getaways, or he has been improperly convicted, in which case there should be no need to employ a go-between to persuade him to surrender again with the bait that new evidence (which he is said to have secured) will be "impartially" examined to see if it justifies a retrial. It all sounds to me like cloud-cuckoo-land procedure from which the Home Office, prison authorities and police all come out in rather futile guise. It remains to be seen if any criticism can be justly levelled at the conduct of his trial. It is always possible that new evidence, not available at a trial, may justify a review of verdict or sentence, but the cat-and-mouse comedy of "Scarface" suggests that all is not well with our once prized institutions which safeguard law and order.

"Brightening It Up."—On the whole I support the arguments of those who say that the Ministry of Works are turning Stonehenge into a fake for posterity. It is unanswerable that an edifice raised by men's hands becomes a fake when cranes, concrete and steel binding-rods are used to restore and to re-join and to re-erect those parts of it which have fallen or broken. Henceforth pilgrims must seek to distinguish which stones were erected by the mysterious means of our ancient forbears and which by the benefit of "all modern conveniences." There is always a dilemma on the vexed question of restoration and demolition and the pros and cons of preserving ruins. Some think Britain is becoming too much museumised for survival in a highly competitive world in which only those who march with the times can hope to survive. That would be the view of those inhabitants of Ickwell (Beds) who consider that their village needs "brightening up" and that as good a way as any to do it would be to turn their famous ancient monument, the 500-year-old smithy, into a modern teashop. Others say that we can't have too many museumised country houses and monuments, if our culture, let alone our invisible assets in tourist traffic, is to survive. Certainly it is fair to say that a reconstructed model of a Roman villa tells one more about life in Roman Britain than does a single tessellated pavement or a hypocaust section cut out from a turf bank. I can excuse the reconstruction of Holmes' Baker Street sitting-room but *not* the Hardy room in Dorchester Museum. Antiquarian digging-up of the past is popular and instructive and as exciting as any other treasure hunt. So it is difficult to pontificate. On the whole, I should have declared myself in favour of leaving Stonehenge and the Ickwell Smithy as ancient monuments slowly to decay under the kindly hand of Time, with reasonable precautions by authority to slow down Time's march, but with no attempts to reconstruct what Time has destroyed or to adapt to other uses.

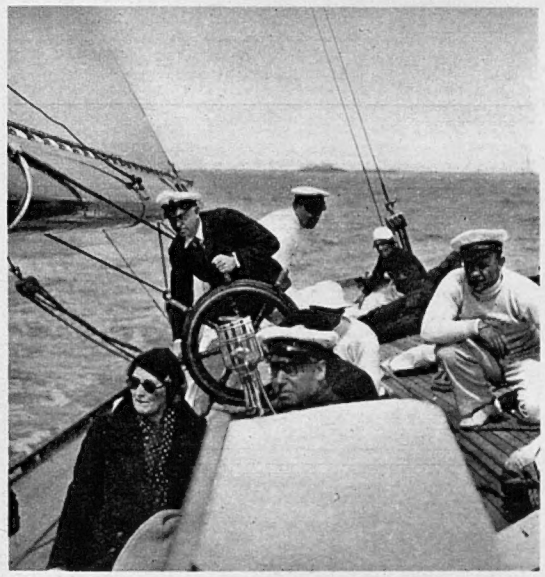
"Urbane."—Urbane is certainly an over-used adjective and I sympathise in Sir Harold Nicolson's dislike of its constant application to his essays. It certainly should not be found appropriate to literary reviews or serious books, and the *Spectator*, to judge by some recent examples of its literary criticism, would be the last to find it the *mot juste*. I doubt if any man, writer or what-not, could relish to-day being described as "suave, elegant or refined in manner." That is as good or bad as calling him a back number or a museum piece. If "courteous" is another definition of urbanity, as the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* says, I have found the tendency towards urbanity very often too pronounced among literary critics. One may deplore as cruel and unfair the thunderous hammer-blows with which Macaulay belaboured poor Robert Montgomery, or the brutalities which sought to murder the young Byron or Keats. On the other hand, it is hard on serious readers and seekers after truth so often to-day to be induced to buy and read inferior rubbish or half-veiled obscenity, praised for the author's reputation or for a smear of cleverness or worst, one may suspect, to maintain a profitable publisher's advertising contract. I have been tricked too often of late years not to feel strongly that a more even mean between brutality and suavity is the reader's right and should be maintained—whatever its effect on publishers' contracts. After all, literary criticism, if it means anything to-day, should be something more than the publisher's blurb rendered in the prose style of the reviewer. And since far too many worthless or redundant books are published every week and can hardly supply a worthwhile margin of profit, a little less urbanity in reviewing them might well benefit both reader and publisher. How many hundreds of these "works of genius," lauded every week in the Press, are within a year from their publishers' "flowing shelves freshly *remaindered*." Honesty is the best policy even in the book trade.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo.—The tape-recorder cannot lie. It was turned on the dawn chorus at 5 a.m. on March 28 and at precisely 5.20 registered . . . the cuckoo! So (believe it or not) spring was here on March 28, and the "wandering voice" half redeemed the fame of as foul a March as I remember and knocked for six the time-honoured right of "Country Parson," from Auburn Episcopi, in the West Country, to be "first with the news." Esher, in Surrey, got in first, if indeed it was not deceived by a neighbour's cuckoo clock. Here in Sussex the chiff-chaff arrived latish on March 31 and I don't expect to hear the cuckoo for a week or more after the snow has vanished. Esher and Russia are far apart and they are by no means subjects for close comparison or likely to be confused except by an inarticulate voice heard by a deaf man. But at the end of March a chance came for genuine comparison. Esher and Russia both got in first with the cuckoo call in the foggy dawn and "Country Parson," Dulles and Macmillan were hit for six. Needless to say "Country Parson," Dulles and Macmillan, on hearing the news, staged a little dawn chorus on their own. And the burden of its song was "I don't believe you." Oh cuckoo, shall I call thee *dove*, or but a wandering voice? Cuckoo, cuckoo, a merry note, while queasy John doth keel the pot.

THE OLD STAGER

PAST AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGERS

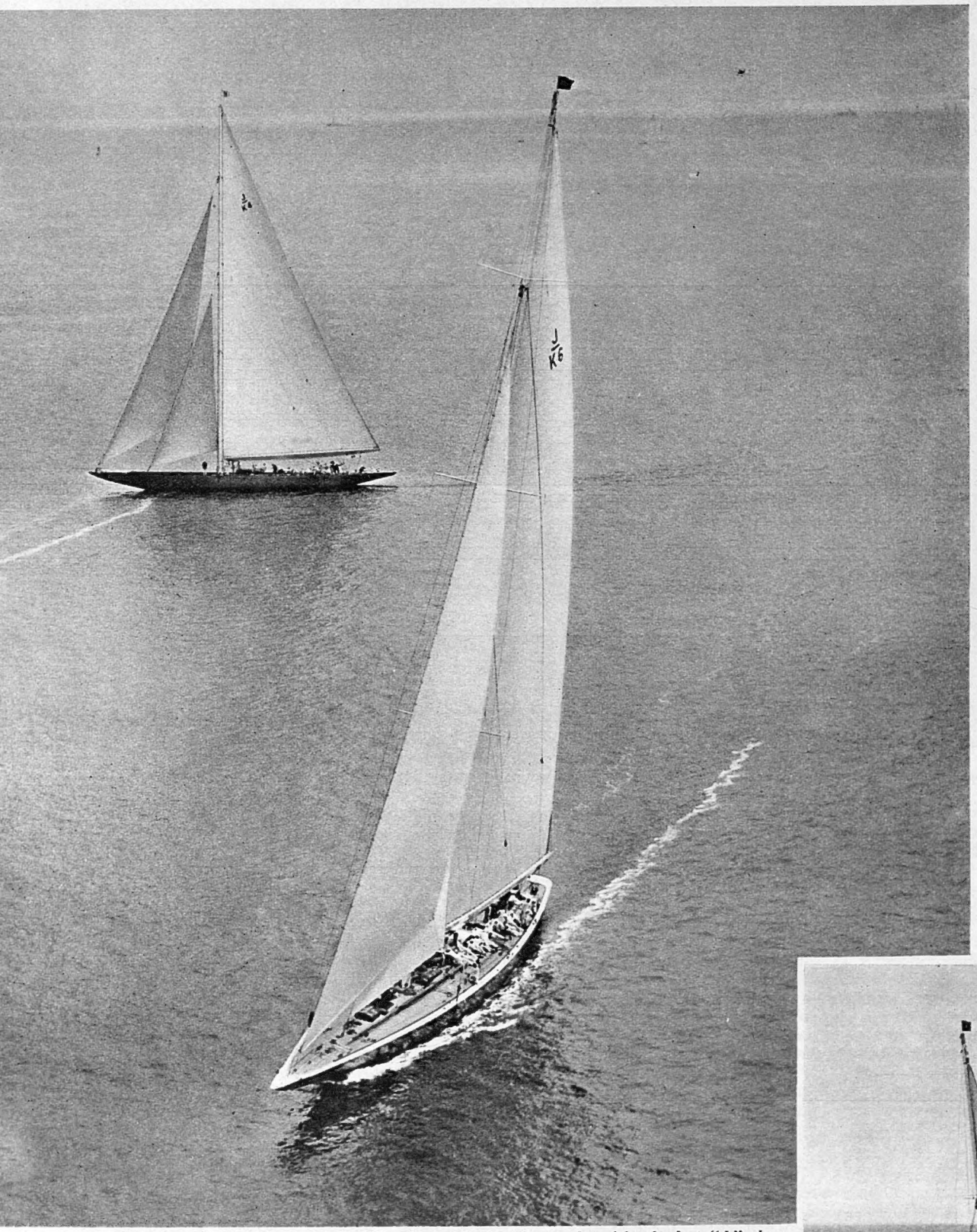
Memories of Sir Thomas Lipton's and Sir Thomas Sopwith's Gallant Attempts



ON BOARD "SHAMROCK V": The last of Sir Thomas Lipton's five yachts, all named *Shamrock*, challenged unsuccessfully for the America's Cup in 1930. In that year the races for the trophy were won by Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's *Enterprise*. *Shamrock V* was one of the last of the "J" class yachts. One of the most famous of them was *Britannia*, in which King George V raced annually at Cowes.

Below—

THE LAST PRE-WAR CHALLENGER: *Endeavour II* sails in calm waters off Cowes. Sir Thomas Sopwith's previous challenger, *Endeavour I*, lost to *Rainbow* in 1934. *Endeavour II* was a steel Bermudian cutter, 87 ft. long on the waterline, displacement 164 tons, with a total sail area of 7,550 sq. ft.



"ENDEAVOUR II" ON HER TRIALS IN 1936: Owned by Sir Thomas Sopwith, the last "J" class British challenger for the America's Cup, *Endeavour II* (foreground), is seen at Cowes, before crossing the Atlantic. In 1937 she lost decisively to *Ranger*, which gained four straight wins.

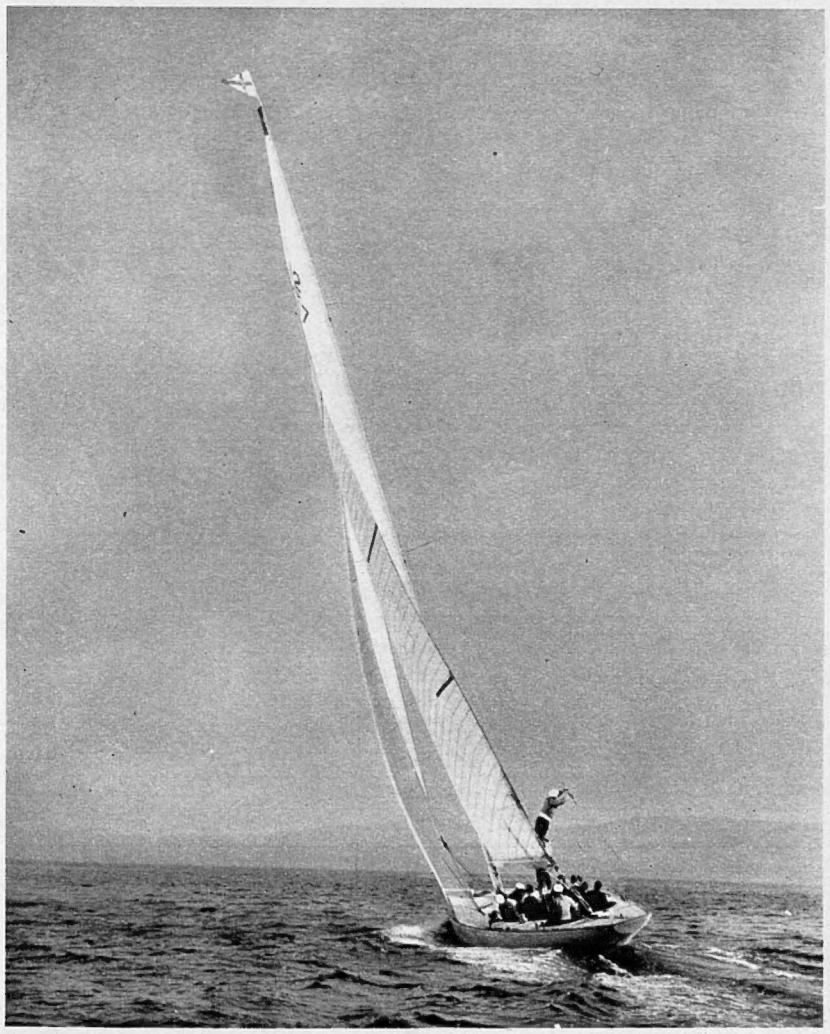
THE END OF AN ERA: The crew cling to the rigging as *Shamrock V* heels over in the wind. This picture gives an impression of the speed and the size of the "J" class yachts, which until last year were the only entrants permissible under the rules for the America's Cup.

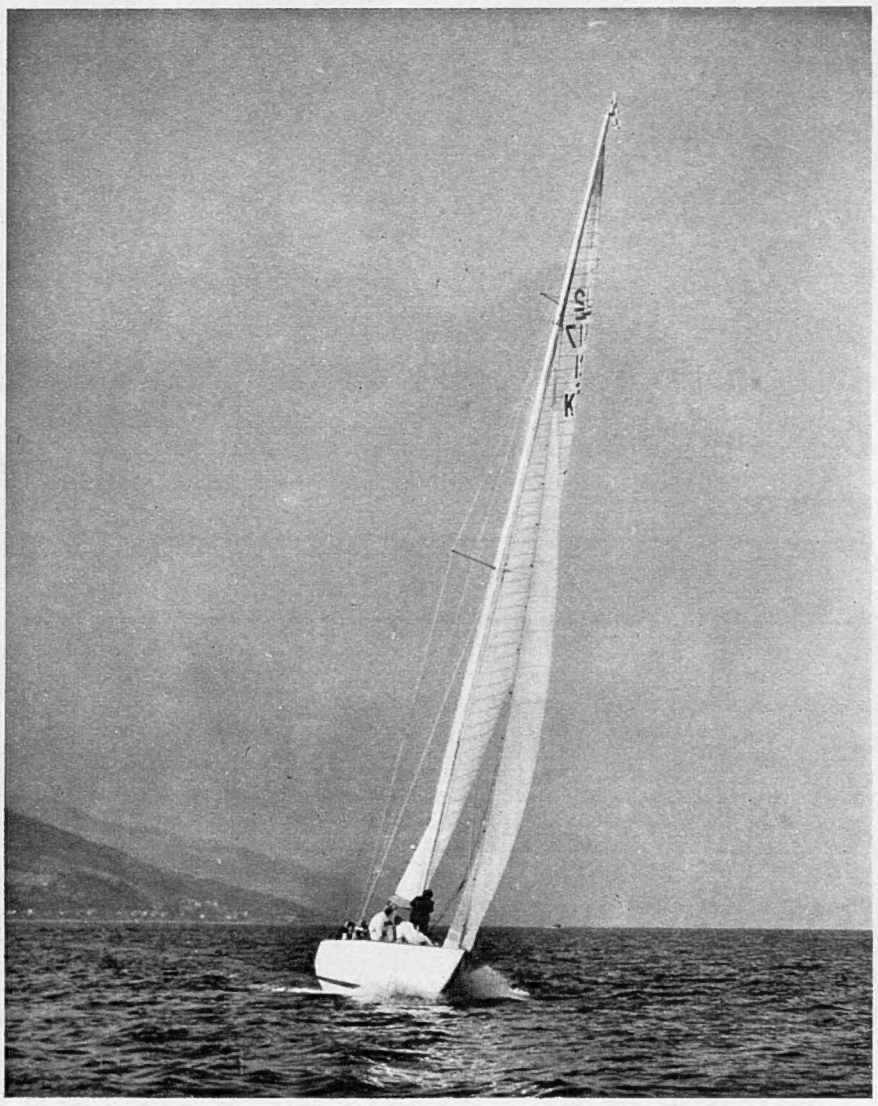
"SCEPTRE" SAILS

The British Challenger for the America's Cup has Her First Trials on the Clyde

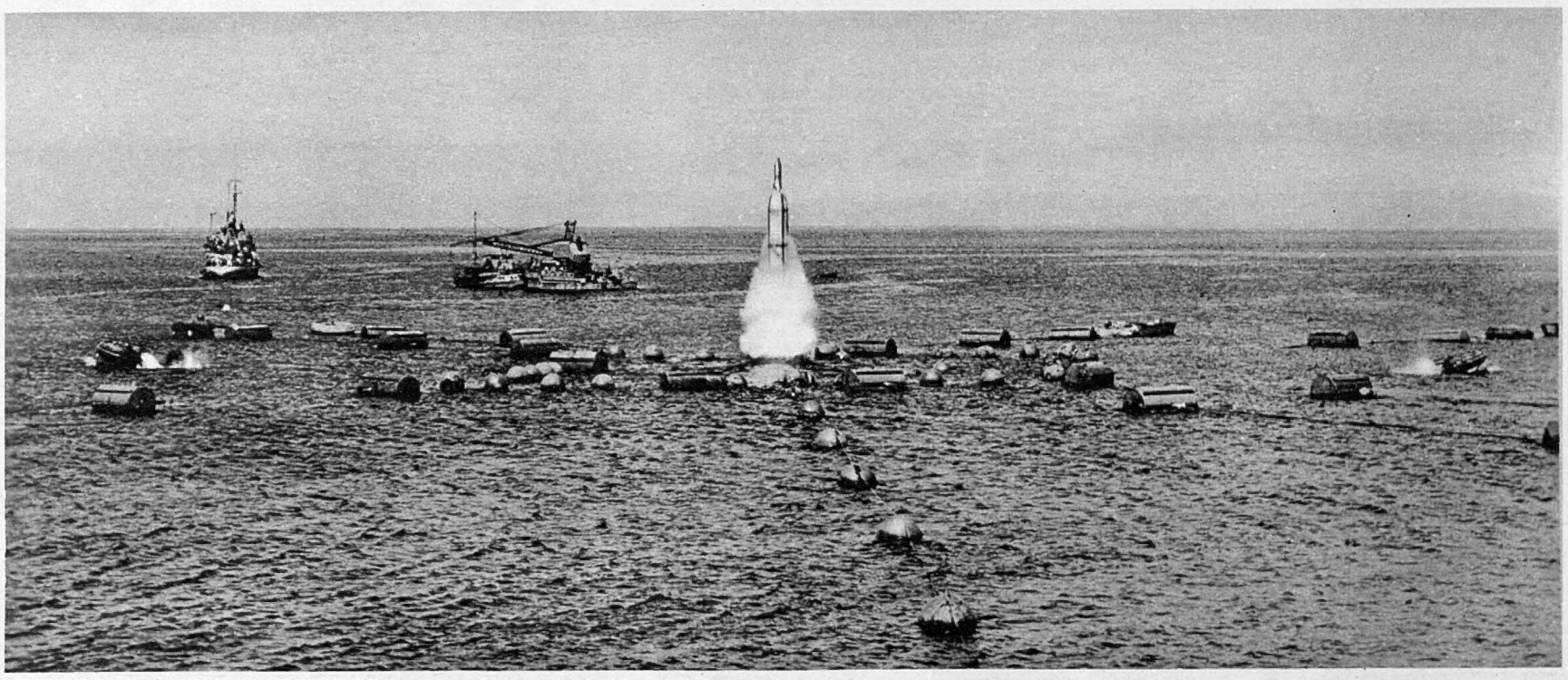
"SCEPTRE" UNDER SAIL FOR THE FIRST TIME: The British challenger for the America's Cup shows her paces on Holy Loch as she heads for the Clyde during her initial acceptance trials. In fine sailing conditions, the yacht moved down the Clyde at about nine knots. The twelve-metre *Sceptre* was launched on April 2.

CARRYING THE HOPES OF BRITAIN: *Sceptre* cuts through the waters of the Clyde during her first outing. She was handled at the helm by Mr. David Boyd, her designer, and Mr. H. Goodson, chairman of the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate financing the vessel. On the second trial, *Sceptre* returned to her moorings with a ripped spinnaker. It had been taken in immediately. On Tuesday of this week, the yacht was due to start her voyage to the Solent under trysail. She is expected to be based at Gosport for a few weeks, racing against Mr. Owen Aisher's *Evaine*, prepared as a "sparring partner." *Sceptre* will be shipped to America in July and the series of America's Cup races will begin on September 20 off Newport, Rhode Island.





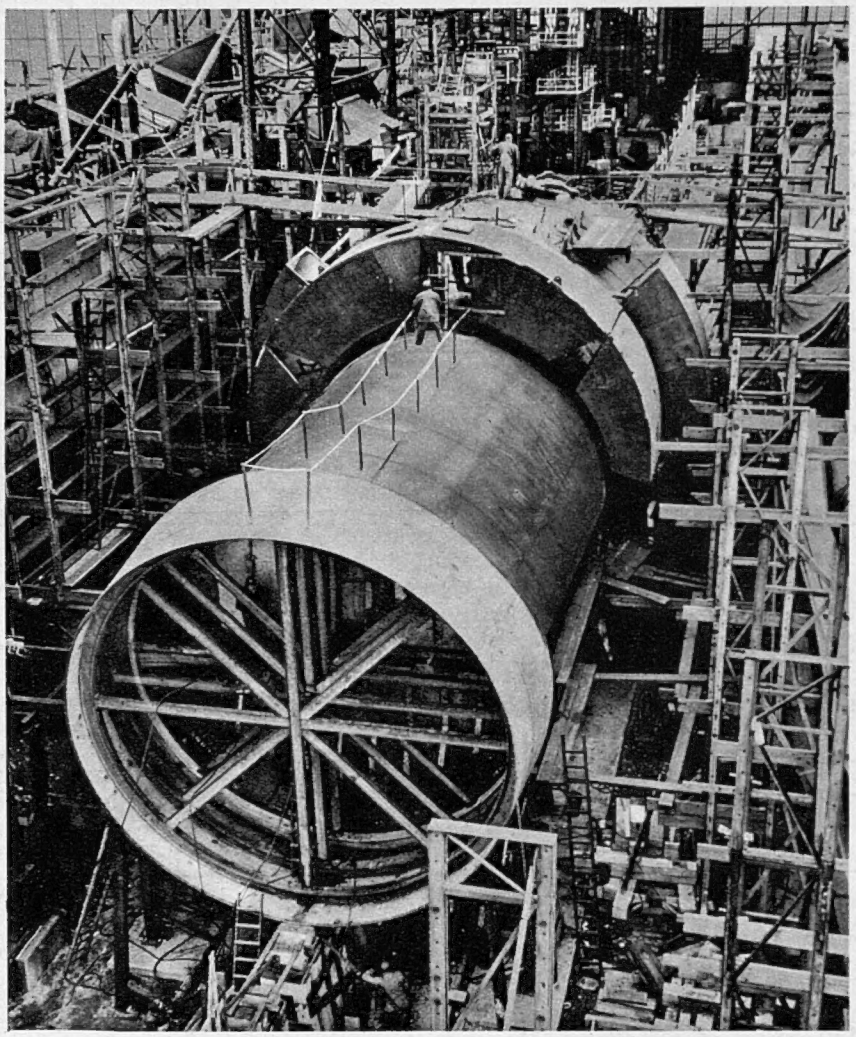
HEELING TO THE BREEZE: Two views of the yacht during the first sail which took her across the Firth of Clyde towards the Cloch shore and back. Mr. David Boyd, *Sceptre's* designer, said she handled "beautifully" throughout the entire run.



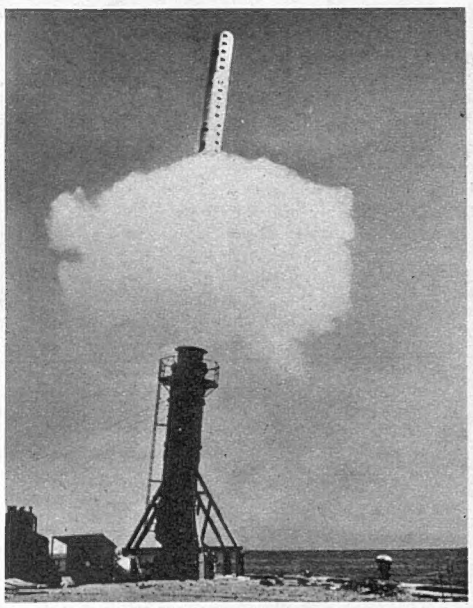
A TEST FIRING OF A DUMMY POLARIS MISSILE: It shoots above the surface from a submerged launcher near San Clemente Island, California. The picture was recently released in Washington of tests carried out by the United States Navy last month. The dummy was the same shape, size and weight as the missile will be when completed, but it carried no rocket engines. After rising several hundred feet, it angled over and plunged back nose first into the water. The Polaris has a range of 1,500 miles and it is planned that it will be carried by some of the American nuclear-powered submarines now under construction. Discharged from deep below the ocean or from beneath the Polar ice-cap, the missile could have a most devastating effect. For the tests, the dummy was sent up from a submerged apparatus known as the "pop-up" launcher, specially designed by U.S. naval engineers. It is reported that the nuclear warheads for the Polaris will be among the atomic devices to be tested soon in one of the series of American trials in the Pacific.

UNDERWATER GUIDED MISSILE

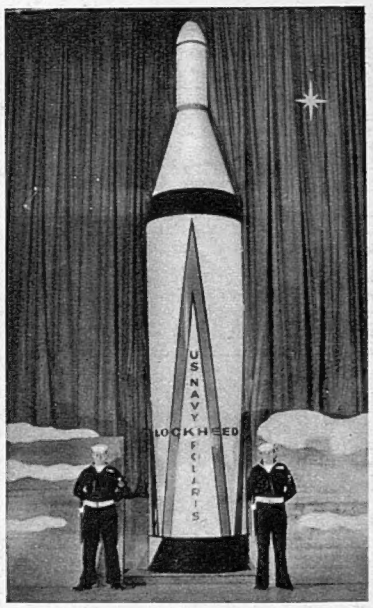
Developing a New American Nuclear Weapon



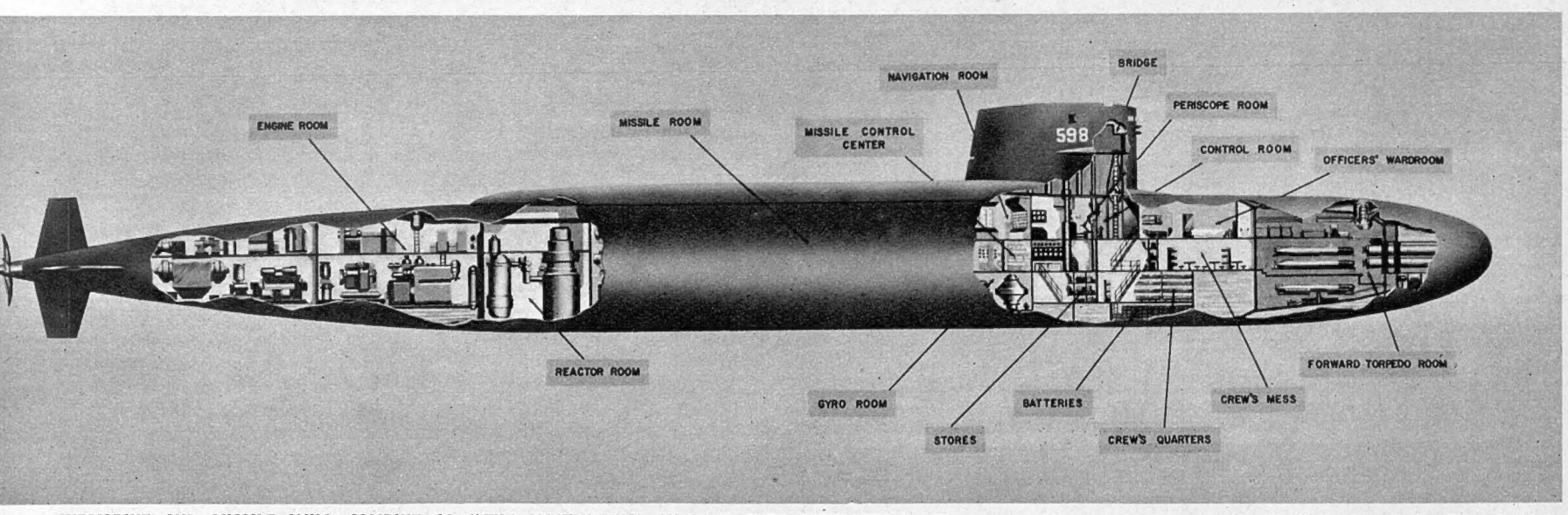
THE FIRST FLEET BALLISTIC SUBMARINE FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY: Construction is in progress on the hull of the vessel in the yards of the General Dynamics Corporation at Groton, Connecticut. Submarines carrying the Polaris will be nuclear-powered.



A LAUNCH FROM THE LAND: Another dummy Polaris is dispatched from a launcher on the shore during trials near San Francisco.



ON PUBLIC VIEW: American sailors stand on guard by a large-scale model of the Polaris at a public show.



SUBMARINE AND MISSILE WILL COMBINE AS "THE MOST LETHAL WEAPON EVER DEVELOPED": The cut-away impression shows completed details of the Fleet Ballistic Submarine now under construction. Torpedoes are carried in the bows and the nuclear engine rooms are in the stern. Missile Control Centre and Missile Room are amidships. According to Rear-Admiral Raborn, Head of the American Navy's Polaris programme, the almost unlimited cruising range of the nuclear submarine, which can conceal itself at great depths, and the 1,500-mile range of the H-bomb-armed ballistic missile will form the world's most lethal weapon to date.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE SEA CADET CORPS: His Royal Highness, Admiral of the Sea Cadet Corps, is rowed back to the "mainland" in a 27-ft. whaler, after his visit to the T.S. *Neptune*, the Navy League's Training Centre on the Thames Island of Raven's Ait at Surbiton. The Duke is at the tiller and the whaler is manned by Cadets of the Beckenham and Penge Unit. During his stay at the centre last Saturday morning the Duke watched Cadets undergoing training in canoes, sailing dinghies and whalers.

LUXEMBOURG PRINCESS MARRIED: Princess Marie Adélaide, the second daughter of the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, and Count Charles Joseph Henckel von Donnersmarck leave the Cathedral in Luxembourg after their wedding. Prior to the religious service at the Cathedral, celebrated by Mgr. Lommel, Bishop of Luxembourg, a civil ceremony at the Palace was conducted by M. Hamilius, the Mayor, in the presence of the Minister of Justice. Among the guests were Princesses Beatrix and Irene of the Netherlands, Prince Xavier of Bourbon-Parma, and Archduke Robert of Habsburg.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN MONACO: *Left*—Princess Grace is in conversation with Prince Pierre, father of Prince Rainier, during the gala of the British-American Hospital in Monaco. The party took place a few days after Princess Grace and Prince Rainier had attended a service in Monaco Cathedral in thanksgiving for the birth of their son, Prince Albert. In the picture *on right* they are seen leaving the Cathedral after the service. Prince Albert is heir to the throne. He takes precedence over his sister, Princess Caroline.

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE R.A.O.C.: The Queen, accompanied by Major-General Sir Leslie Williams, the senior Colonel Commandant, and followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, is seen during her tour of the headquarters of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, at Deepcut, Surrey. The Royal visitors toured the Training Centre, visited the living quarters and watched demonstrations and displays by men, and by women of the W.R.A.C. They also heard from Major-General L. E. Cutforth, the Director of Ordnance Services, about the role of the R.A.O.C. in Britain's modern Army.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A LABOUR RALLY IN LONDON AGAINST H-BOMB TESTS: A vast crowd is gathered in Trafalgar Square to hear Labour Party leaders address a meeting in support of banning hydrogen-bomb tests. A banner calling for this policy is stretched across the base of Nelson's Column behind the plinth used as the speakers' platform. But in the foreground are some of the Aldermaston marchers who turned up with their banners demanding complete nuclear disarmament.

THE STAR SPEAKERS AWAIT THEIR TURN: Mr. Gaitskell wore a trilby and a light overcoat at the Trafalgar Square rally, but Mr. Bevan was a somewhat unfamiliar figure in a beret and heavy coat. The object of the meeting, which was organised by the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress, was clearly to publicise their recent joint declaration on nuclear weapons. This laid down a policy of banning H-bomb tests, but did not favour immediate nuclear disarmament. Both the Labour Party Leader and his "Shadow" Foreign Secretary explained their party's official view. Mr. Gaitskell said the object of the demonstration was to "bring pressure to bear on our Government and other Governments to suspend H-bomb tests." Mr. Bevan called for the Labour Party, "at the most critical point in its history," to close its ranks to "accomplish what can be done in the immediate circumstances facing us."

On right—

THE CLAIMS BY RAILWAYMEN FOR HIGHER WAGES ARE REJECTED: Some of the Executive Committee of the National Union of Railwaymen meet to discuss the decision by the Railway Staff National Tribunal to reject claims for higher pay and shorter hours. From left to right they are Mr. F. Lane, Mr. R. W. Brothers, Mr. G. W. Chambers, Mr. S. F. Greene (General Secretary), Mr. C. W. Evans (President), Mr. P. J. Carter, Mr. T. Hallett, Mr. E. Smith, Mr. F. A. Harkett and Mr. R. J. Tuck. The majority report of the Tribunal concluded that no wage increase could be recommended. Mr. Hall, who was appointed as the union's nominee, had issued a minority report, which considered that an increase of more than 3 per cent. was justified.

CROWDS DEMONSTRATE IN MALTA: Troops enter the side door of a building in Castille Place, in Valletta, after the main approaches were sealed off with barbed wire. Maltese Labour Party supporters had staged their third demonstration in Valletta since Mr. Mintoff, the Prime Minister, demanded "integration on our terms or independence" for Malta. Mr. Mintoff waved to the crowds in front of his official residence in Valletta. They then paraded through the streets, carrying banners and shouting insults at the Governor when they reached the palace.

A BOMB-DAMAGED POLICE STATION IN CYPRUS: The side of the village police station at Koutrapha, about twenty-five miles south-west of Nicosia, has been shattered by terrorists in an attempt to blow up the building. Masked men forced their way into the station and overpowered the Cypriot policemen on duty. They then put the explosives in the building, but the full charge failed to explode and only slight damage was done. None of the policemen was injured. On the same day, in Nicosia, a one-day general strike was staged in protest against the detention camp system.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

BRITISH LABOUR PARTY LEADERS IN PARIS: Mr. Gaitskell addresses a Press conference at the Supreme Allied Headquarters at the end of the visit he had made there with two other leading members of his "shadow cabinet," Mr. Bevan (back to camera) and Mr. George Brown (seated, facing him). General Norstad, the Supreme Commander, is on the right. The visit was made at the invitation of General Norstad. Mr. Gaitskell said that the visit had been extremely useful and the General stated that his headquarters depended to a large extent on the support of the peoples and parliaments of the NATO countries. It is understood that host and guests discussed a wide range of current military problems, including nuclear weapons and tests, and the question of the use of tactical atomic weapons in the event of war.

LEADER OF THE CUBAN REBELS: Fidel Castro poses in martial array in the hills near his headquarters in Cuba. Last week he declared "total, implacable war between the people of Cuba and the Government."

UNDISMAYED BY THREATS: President Batista of Cuba is in cheerful mood as he receives visitors in his palace in Havana. The following day Castro's revolt broke out. By the end of last week it appeared to have failed completely. President Batista issued a series of ruthless instructions to the police with the result that very few people in the capital and other towns dared to show any sympathy with the rebels. Their attempt to seize and hold the radio station in Havana was unsuccessful and hopes of support from the workers faded when the big trade unions announced that the general strike, on which Castro had been counting, would certainly not take place.

APATHY IN THE CAPE COLOURED ELECTIONS: Radical groups parade outside one of the polling booths in the Cape Peninsula constituency of South Africa during voting for the election of coloured representatives to the Union Parliament. They were attempting to boycott the elections on the ground that to take part in them was to become accomplices in apartheid. Only 42 per cent. of the electorate voted, but the low percentage reflected apathy rather than success for the boycott campaign. This was the first time that Cape Coloured voters went to the polls on the communal roll established under the Separate Representation of Voters Act to elect four special Members of Parliament to represent their interests. The representatives are white. The Cape Peninsula and Boland seats were won by independent candidates supported by the United Party.

PREPARATIONS FOR AN ATTACK: Farmers widen a road in Oriente province, in Cuba, to allow vehicles to pass. Along it Castro and some of his rebels made an attack on the town of Manzanillo, but met with little support and no success.

DANISH TROOPS SET OUT TO JOIN THE UNITED NATIONS' FORCE IN THE MIDDLE EAST: An infantry unit marches through Copenhagen in a parade before its departure for Gaza to relieve Danish troops stationed there in the U.N. Emergency Force. The international army, known as U.N.E.F., was formed to take over responsibility for the Egyptian-Israeli frontier in the Gaza Strip after the Sinai campaign and the Anglo-French Suez intervention. According to the latest report, presented by Mr. Hammarskjöld to the United Nations General Assembly last month, its strength is about 5,500 officers and men, from nine countries.

b

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SUPPORT FOR THE ALGERIAN REBELS FROM THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC: A procession moves through the streets of Cairo under an arch decorated with a large portrait of President Nasser. The placards and slogans being carried relate to Algerian Nationalist personalities and policies. Egyptian and Syrian film actors and actresses took part in the demonstration and collected money for the Algerian rebels on the day which Nasser had proclaimed as "Algeria Day."

FRENCH TROOPS IN ACTION IN ALGERIA: Dogs accompany paratroopers in a sweep against the Algerian Nationalists in the hills east of Guelma, in Constantine Province. Men and dogs had been flown to the starting-point by helicopters. In the action in a region close to the Algerian-Tunisian border, the French reported thirty-one rebels were killed and two taken prisoner.

On right—

NEW ZEALAND MINISTERS ARRIVE IN LONDON FOR TRADE TALKS: Mr. C. F. Skinner, New Zealand Deputy Prime Minister (centre), and Mr. R. B. Tennent, Director-General of Agriculture (left), are seen at London Airport with Mr. C. J. M. Alport, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. They are in London for discussions on New Zealand's produce-marketing problems with the British Government. Mr. Skinner has said that New Zealand might have to reduce her imports from Britain by £50,000,000 in the current financial year because of the low price her butter is fetching in Britain.

A PARACHUTE JUMP FROM 56,000 FT.: Flight-Lieutenant John de Salis, on the left, and Flying Officer Patrick Lowe stand in front of their aircraft. Last week they were forced to bale out of their Canberra at a height of 56,000 ft. over Derbyshire. The height from which the crew baled out using their ejector seats is believed to be the highest from which an emergency descent by parachute has ever been made. The Air Ministry declined to confirm that the flight of the Canberra jet bomber was connected with preparations for nuclear tests from Christmas Island, in the Pacific. A spokesman said that "the Canberra concerned was one of a number specially modified to fly at exceptionally high altitudes and the crew were carrying out flight tests when the accident occurred." It is likely that the aircraft was one of two which were equipped with Napier Double Scorpion rocket engines.

MR. DULLES DISCUSSES AMERICAN H-BOMB TESTS: The Secretary of State speaks to a crowded Press conference in Washington. His main theme was an explanation of President Eisenhower's recent letter to Mr. Khrushchev. In the course of his remarks Mr. Dulles said that until Russia would agree to accept international supervision for the suspension of H-bomb tests, the American development of nuclear weapons would continue. On the following day Mr. Eisenhower caused some perplexity at his Press conference by his replies regarding nuclear weapons. Mr. Dulles's precise statement was thought to represent American policy.

THE SIGNATURE OF GERMAN-SPANISH AGREEMENTS: Herr von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister, on the left, and Senor Castiella, the Spanish Foreign Minister, on the right, sign two agreements relating to German assets in Spain at the Foreign Ministry in Madrid. The first agreement regulates the position of assets confiscated after the war and the second provides for the rehabilitation of German patent and trade-mark rights. West German property in Spain is estimated to be worth £20,000,000. It is hoped that the agreements will promote commercial relationships between the two countries.

World Affairs

The Shadow and the Summit

By JOHN CONNELL

It is customary to talk, accurately as well as compassionately, about "the lost generation," the men of our race who were born—in every section of the community—between 1894 and 1899, whose names for rising thirty years have been recorded in long graven lines on school, college, parish and regimental war memorials. Were a similar epithet demanded for their successors, men who (if they have survived) are now between forty-five and fifty, it might well be "the shadowed generation." There has hardly been any time in their lives in which they did not go about their affairs, at kindergarten, reading Greats, walking the hospitals, launching themselves on a career, settling back in that career after a period of absence, founding a family, watching it grow up, under the shadow of some grave and imminent threat.

In such a situation, if it persists for the major part of a lifetime, an attitude of quiet, perhaps rather dour, realism—let us hope it is not cynical—may well become habitual. If you live at or near Action Stations for years on end, you learn to go through the drill competently enough, but without the eager, fumbling excitement of the newly-drafted lad going into battle for the first time. Perhaps you become what, during World War II, in ironically dissimilar circumstances, used to be called "bomb-happy." Since I am a member of this generation, this is, I think, a fairly just account of my outlook, and (I suspect) that of a good many of my contemporaries.

The hydrogen-bomb—Mark Whatever-number-it-is that any of the three present proud proprietors can test, "dirty" or "clean"—is a monstrous and fearful shadow over everyone's life. So letters were written to *The Times* and a protest march was organised to Aldermaston. It would be uncharitable to say very much against protest marches, but there is very little to be said for them. Was it another wet Easter week-end, twenty, twenty-one years ago, that I watched a protest march shamble moistly down East Carriage Drive in Hyde Park? It was organised, I suppose, by a left Book Club or a Popular Front or some good, devoted, myopic girl in a little office in Covent Garden.

There were banners with strange devices, like "Ban War" and "Remember Guernica" and "Chamberlain Must Go." There was the noble Gollancz in the van, and tall John Strachey striding it out. Through the rain and the mist, all that time ago, did we behold Kingsley Martin and Harold Laski plain? Old H. W. Nevinson, whose heart was as staunch as his ideas were muddled, once called gaggles like these "the stage-army of the protesters." At least in those days the big boys, so far as I can recall, marched the whole way, but then, they didn't go nearly as far as to Aldermaston. "How many miles to Aldermaston? Can I get there by candlelight? Yes, and back again"—if only the whole caper were as harmless as the nursery rhyme. But it is not. Those silly earlier marchers in the 1930's meant no harm—I imagine they intended to do good—but if they had had their way, they would have left us even more defenceless before Hitler in 1940 than we were.

The Aldermaston march was a manifestation of a persistent streak of boobydom in our national character. The danger of exhibitions of this sort is that they go a long way towards persuading our enemies, to say nothing of our friends and allies, that we are a nation of boobies and cravens. Khrushchev, we are frequently told, is a shrewd, cunning realist, who looks the facts of the international situation in the face.

If this is a true estimate of his character, he doubtless gets his appreciations of Britain's psychological and spiritual war potential from other sources than watchers and supporters of the Aldermaston march. If not, his opinion of our people's capacity to fight and endure a war must be extremely unflattering. As the Duke of Wellington observed, after inspecting a draft of very raw levies that had just reached him in the field, "I don't know their effect on the enemy, but, by God, they frighten *me*!" I am unaffectedly thankful to realise that, in any forthcoming diplomatic negotiations with the Soviet Union at any level, my country will not be represented by Canon Collins, Mr. Michael Foot, Mr. Allaun or any other of the bosses of that unattractive procession.

If you are under the shadow of a terrible threat, it is prudent as well as seemly to keep as cool a head as possible. There can be no doubt about it: we, the British, are in a very comfortless position. Three phases in the establishment of this threat, in its present gravity, can be traced: first, the phase in which Western (i.e., American) possession of an atomic armoury was an absolute monopoly; second, the phase in which the Russians showed that they were challenging this monopoly; third, the phase in which we now are, in which the monopoly has been completely broken, and the Russians have established a considerable superiority—some opinion puts them a full five years ahead—in the development of long-range missiles with which to deliver the largest, most destructive sort of thermonuclear weapon.

Britain is the only other Power possessing weapons anywhere near this calibre, but not the kind of missile to deliver them; we are, therefore, a distant third in a grim race. The policy which our Government must pursue, in this grievous and unprecedented plight, is hardly easy to work out. It is not formulated, as Lord Hailsham remarked in a moment of forgivable asperity, by undergraduate resolutions—nor by a stage-army of protesters marching to Aldermaston.

That the clamour for unilateral disarmament by Britain has been accompanied by an almost equally loud clamour for immediate talks "at the Summit" is quite characteristic, quite to be expected, and part of the pattern of the war which, at this moment, is being waged against us. For the threat of using the hydrogen-bomb is a weapon of war—of psychological war—only a little less grave than its actual use. That is if we are as scared of it as our enemy wishes us to be scared, or as exasperated by his endless stream of notes as he probably intends us to be. The Russian Government would like to get the British people and British Government rattled and on the run. This would be a quite notable victory. It has already been achieved in recent times, in the Middle East in 1956, in curious circumstances in which the Soviet Union did not even have to make the running, but could sit back and watch while the defeat and humiliation of Britain (and France) were brought about by the United Nations and the U.S.A.—to say nothing of one or two Commonwealth countries.

That lamentable experience gives an added strength—some might say added poignancy—to the arguments in favour of calmness and a cool head in our diplomacy. We are not conducting leisurely and civilised negotiations; we are fighting a tough and difficult war. We are not necessarily fighting it in the same terms or on the same grounds as some of our allies. The American habit (to which both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles are just as prone as was F. D. R.) of dramatising an issue and presenting it in the terms and categories of the highly ethical conceptions of international relations which are natural to all Americans results too often in the British view of it, and British needs and responsibilities, being slurred over or directly misinterpreted.

Several Commonwealth countries, including Canada and India, treat issues of external policy in much the same way. Therefore there occur from time to time these shocked discoveries that Britain is "dragging her feet," or accusations that she is "reactionary," "colonialist-minded" and "out of step with the Commonwealth." Previous prolonged consultation, as we discovered rather forlornly in 1956, does not entirely obviate these misfortunes; but if Britain's viewpoint is put clearly and forcefully enough it ought at least to prevent us from being condemned for having deceived our allies in or out of the Commonwealth.

What some of these allies and associates have failed to realise is that we—like France—are under especial and continuous attack, in Asia and in Africa. That dire word "colonialism" has cut across understanding again and again, and it is still being exploited and used against us. The seriousness of that attack, in the long run, fully equals that of the H-bomb; and the two lines of aggression are, of course, closely interlinked.

Even if the more irresponsible and hysterical critics and opponents have woefully misunderstood and underestimated the quality, the strength and the purpose of our enemies' attack on Britain overseas as much as at home, there are encouraging indications that the Government have assessed all these realistically and accurately enough. Have they, however, been able to communicate their appreciation—with the authority which compels understanding, as distinct from the ritual processes of receiving and filing—to those who are supposed still to be on the same side?

It is because there is a good deal of doubt about the answer to that question that a hurried rush to "summit talks" or even to the preliminary conference of Foreign Ministers without detailed and candid discussions between ourselves beforehand would be merely disastrous. Yet this is a *coup* which Khrushchev is straining every nerve to bring off. If he could get Britain, the U.S.A. and France to "summit talks" and then divide them and play them off against each other—as over Algeria, the Arab-Israel dispute, Malaya or Nigeria he is quite capable of doing — he will have chalked up one more practical victory, and will be several long steps nearer bringing large areas of Asia and Africa into the Russian orbit.

The menace whose shadow lengthens over us is grave indeed. But there are two aspects to it: there is the threat of annihilation for millions, perhaps for the whole world; and there is the threat of our defeat without the use of the H-bomb, without war at all, and the ushering-in (as Sir Winston said eighteen years ago) "of a new dark age made more sinister and perhaps more prolonged by the light of a perverted science." We of that shadowed generation, as now we look thankfully at our children grown to manhood in a freedom which was preserved at some sacrifice, on our and our dead friends' part, may be forgiven if we derive such courage and such hope as we possess from other sources than that pitiful shuffle of dupes along the road to Aldermaston.

THE START OF THE ANTI-H-BOMB PROTEST MARCH: Demonstrators march along Piccadilly on the first stage of the 50-mile walk from London to the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston during Easter week-end. Mr. Connell writes: "The march was a manifestation of a persistent streak of boobydom in our national character."

REBUILDING ROTTERDAM

New Pictures of the Dutch City Destroyed by the Germans

In the early afternoon of May 14, 1940, the German Air Force appeared over Rotterdam. In less than an hour it had reduced the centre of the city to a mass of smoking ruins and rubble. Rotterdam was one of the first examples of the strategy devised by Hitler and his generals which outraged the conscience of the civilised world.

In an area of 642 acres, some 78,000 were rendered homeless and over 11,000 buildings destroyed. Among the larger familiar landmarks only the City Hall, the Central Post Office, the Exchange Building, the Police Headquarters and the Municipal Library escaped complete destruction. Yet such was the will to victory of the inhabitants and their profound conviction in the ultimate triumph of Free Democracy, that long before the end of the war they had started on the replanning of their city.

Like so many of the ancient towns of Europe, old Rotterdam had been erected in a haphazard manner from no central design. The design for the centre of the new city has been based on keeping the little of the old which can be reconstructed and surrounding it with spacious buildings which a modern community requires. Thus, those who knew Rotterdam before the war will still find the City Hall and nearby a reconstruction of the heavily-blitzed medieval Groote Kerk or Cathedral Church of St. Lawrence. But the surroundings are excitingly contemporary.

In planning for to-day and to-morrow the Rotterdam architects have paid special attention to the widening of roads and to the need for public gardens and open spaces. In the old city centre only 44.5 per cent. was open. When the present plans are finished, open spaces will take up nearly 70 per cent. But the erection of taller buildings and the most economical use of sites has allowed the total volume of building to remain virtually unchanged. Grouping of interests is another interesting feature. For instance, the majority of banks are situated in the region of the Exchange Building. What was once the solitary City Theatre is to be joined by a new Concert Hall and eventually these will be part of a cultural centre. Although many of the new structures for dwellings or offices are tall, they will not overshadow the broad design. Between them are to be lower blocks for shops and commercial centres.

Rotterdam to-day may have few historical sights. From the holocaust of the Germans only a handful of monuments could be salvaged. Yet visitors go in their thousands. One of the main reasons for this must be that among these new buildings they find themselves in a city which, proud of its past, is prouder still its of attitude towards the present and the future.

EVIDENCE OF THE UNQUENCHABLE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE OF A FREE DEMOCRACY: Buildings of various shapes and sizes rise in the centre of Rotterdam. In the right background is the City Hall, which was one of the very few buildings in this part of the city which was not almost entirely destroyed by German bombs. The original plan for the reconstruction of Rotterdam, which is now well advanced, was drawn up during the war. Such was the firm belief of the inhabitants that in the end Freedom would triumph.

THE POST-WAR CENTRE OF ROTTERDAM MAY BE ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF CITY RECONSTRUCTION IN THE WORLD: The new Central Station is on the left. On the right is a park for buses and other vehicles. In the panorama of the background it will be noticed that almost every building is new. In May 1940 Rotterdam suffered one of the Germans' most infamous bombing attacks of the war. In the centre of the city hardly any buildings were left standing. The municipal authorities' reconstruction of Rotterdam as "the city of to-day and to-morrow" is nearing completion.

MAY 1940: The view is from the City Hall of Rotterdam blitzed in a short afternoon by the German Air Force. On left is the gutted shell of the Groote Kerk, the Cathedral.

SPACIOUSNESS IS THE KEYNOTE OF THE NEW ROTTERDAM: Broad squares are essential in the design for the city. The varied buildings around them will include high blocks of flats and offices contrasting with the low structures which are shopping centres. *On left*—Blocks of apartment houses are rapidly rising against a background of already finished buildings.

Rescue from Shipwreck

A Norwegian Liner Catches Fire in the Indian Ocean

Following an explosion in the engine-room, fire blazed up in the Norwegian ship *Skaubryn* and she had to be abandoned 45 minutes later. With 1,080 passengers, mainly emigrants, on board and a crew of 208, she was bound for Australia from Bremerhaven, in Germany. The passengers and crew were picked up in a calm sea by the British cargo ship *City of Sydney*, of the Ellerman Line. Later the survivors were transferred to the Italian liner *Roma*, which took them to Aden. They left for Australia by air and by the S.S. *Orsova* and the S.S. *Johan Van Oldenbarneveldt*. The Australian Government made £A20,000 available to assist in providing essential requirements for the immigrants. From Geneva the Inter-Governmental Committee for European Migration sent £18,000. The *Skaubryn's* superstructure and hull amidships were found to be completely gutted by the fire when a British naval boarding party from the frigate *Loch Fada* examined her shortly afterwards. At that time the *Skaubryn* was about 350 miles east of Sokotra Island, at the mouth of the Gulf of Aden. For two days the Dutch tug *Cycloop* towed her towards Aden, but after burning for six days the *Skaubryn* sank in deep water nine miles offshore in the Gulf of Aden.

ABLAZE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN: The Norwegian ship *Skaubryn* drifts helplessly 800 miles from Aden and 360 miles from the African coast, enveloped in smoke and flames from the fire which started with an explosion in the engine-room.

On left—
PASSENGERS SAVED: Survivors are helped on board the *City of Sydney*, the first ship to answer their distress signal, from their lifeboat. All the crew and passengers were saved. Only one died, an elderly German, who suffered a heart attack.

On right—
TRANSFERRED TO THE "ROMA": Lifeboats are engaged in transferring passengers from the *City of Sydney*, in the background, to the 14,000-ton Italian liner *Roma*, which then took them to Aden.

SURVIVORS LIE ON THE DECK: Accommodation was limited on board the *Roma* with the influx of the 1,288 passengers and crew from the *Skaubryn*. Many had to sleep on the deck while awaiting their turn to be taken to emergency quarters in Aden.

ARRIVAL AT ADEN: A motor launch from the *Roma* carries survivors ashore in Aden, where the Government made available the new Queen Elizabeth Hospital and the Girls' College near Aden Airport. The B.P. Refinery at Little Aden also accommodated 300.

MORE AMERICAN "FLYING SAUCERS": The first production model (in the foreground) of the Grumman WF-2 flies over Bethpage, New York, accompanied by the prototype. The saucer-like structure it carries on its back is the largest radome yet designed for a carrier-based aircraft and houses an early-warning radar system. The equipment is designed to detect aircraft flying nearly at ground-level and high-flying aircraft, both of which are difficult to detect in time by ground installations.

The Grumman WF-2 is part of the U.S. Navy's programme of early-warning aircraft, which includes the WV-2E Super Constellation. Developed from the TF-1 Trader, a general utility aircraft, the WF-2 Tracer has been designed for all-weather operation and can be flown from any of the Navy's attack carriers. It has a re-designed tail assembly with twin fins and rudders to reduce possible turbulence from the radome. The wings on the production model fold back to lie alongside the fuselage. A crew of four is carried, with two pilots in the cockpit and two warning system operators in a crew compartment. On the production model of the Tracer the skin of the radome is made of fibreglass honeycomb sandwich material.

"Piggy Back" Aircraft

The Latest American Radar Reconnaissance Aircraft; and a Canadian Flying Test-bed

On left—

A FLYING TEST-BED: Carrying a model on its back, a DHC-3 Otter acts as a test-bed over Downsview, Ontario, in Canada. Normally such tests of a model for a new aircraft, in this case the DHC-4 Caribou, are made in a wind tunnel, but de Havillands of Canada have adopted this novel "piggy back" method. The Caribou is planned as a twin-engined transport aircraft. Its military purpose will be to provide rapid mobility for troops, equipment and supplies. Having a short take-off it will be used commercially for carrying passengers and cargo at low cost in undeveloped areas.

CONDUCTING THE FIRST DAY'S BUSINESS: A general view of part of the underwriters' room at the new headquarters of Lloyd's, the world-famous insurance organisation, in Lime Street, in the City of London. A large part of the new building is taken up by this 340-ft.-long room. During the busiest periods it is expected that about 3,500 men will be at work in the room, which is nearly square in plan. It is believed to be the largest Exchange hall in Europe.

THE OFFICIAL OPENING: Sir Walter Barrie, chairman of Lloyd's, speaks from the rostrum. Above him is the Lutine Bell, which was moved from the old rostrum at Lloyd's, in Leadenhall Street, to its new setting. The screens on both sides will give the whereabouts of brokers being called. The new underwriters' room has an area of 16,000 square feet.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Inaugural Ceremony at the New Headquarters of Lloyd's, the World-famous Insurance Organisation

The new Lloyd's building in Lime Street is one of the largest post-war constructions in the City of London. It has cost in the region of £5,000,000 and is connected to the old 1928 building by means of a bridge across Lime Street. Since 1952 there have been two Royal ceremonies in connection with the new building. The first took place in November 1952, when the foundation-stone was laid by the Queen. For the occasion Her Majesty used the trowel, mallet and level which her grandfather, King George V, had used to lay the foundation-stone of the old building in 1925. In November of last year the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, performed the second

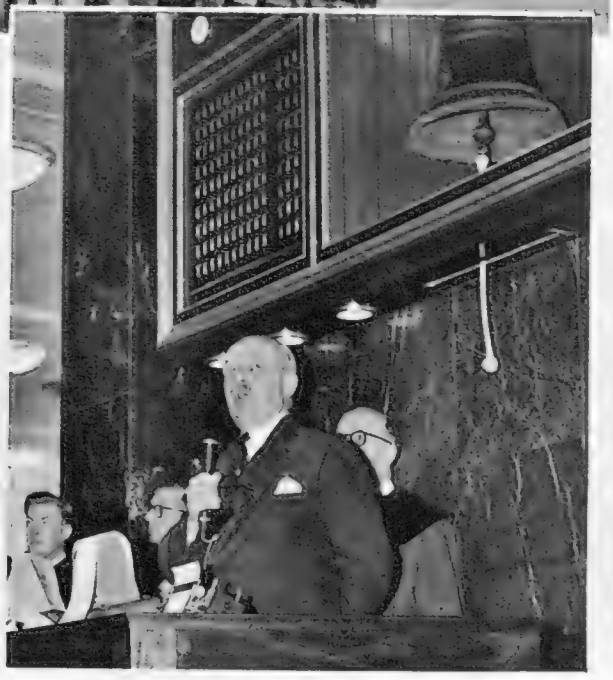
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE VAST NEW UNDERWRITERS' ROOM: Business gets under way after the inaugural ceremony, which was performed by Sir Walter Barrie, chairman of Lloyd's. The modern, spacious building in Lime Street is one of the largest post-war constructions in the City of London. It cost in the region of £5,000,000.

Royal ceremony when she visited the new building to open it formally by unveiling a commemorative plaque.

On Tuesday of last week, promptly at 9.30 a.m., the final stage of Lloyd's transfer to Lime Street took place when Sir Walter Barrie, the chairman of Lloyd's, declared the building officially open for business. He spoke from the new rostrum in the 340-ft.-long underwriters' room. Above him hung the Lutine Bell, which had been taken down from the old rostrum at Lloyd's, in Leadenhall Street, and put up in its new position in the spacious underwriters' room. Many new electronic devices have been installed to assist the brokers and underwriters who will continue to work at the traditional wooden benches.

The great marine and general insurance and shipping intelligence organisation, which originated in a coffee house opened in Tower Street by Edward Lloyd before 1688, has now a premium annual income approaching £250,000,000. So great has been the expansion of the volume of Lloyd's business during the past few years that the new headquarters became a matter of great necessity. The architect, Mr. Terence Heysham—for twenty-two years the assistant of Sir Edwin Cooper—has produced for Lloyd's of London a modern design with traditional feeling.

HELPING THE VISITOR: When visitors arrive at the new building, the name of the broker they wish to see is telewritten to the rostrum. *On right*—A close-up view of the rostrum from which Sir Walter Barrie is speaking.



IN THE "EBONY CITY"

Some Thoughts on Newcastle—Its Architecture, Steps, Bridges and People

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHEN Hadrian built his wall, presumably as a fortification against the Scots, he ran it through what is now Newcastle to Wallsend. I have often wondered why he did so. On the face of it, one would have thought that a wall south of the Tyne would have made for a stronger fortification with the river as an additional obstacle. Be that as it may—and I would be the last person to suggest that Hadrian did not know his business—I do not think that there can be any doubt that he built his wall along what he considered to be a frontier: a frontier between peoples. In other words, I believe that he chose the line of the wall for political rather than strategic reasons.

The people to the north of the wall were, in his day, different from those to the south of it. I do not think that this was just a matter of the people north of the wall being unconquered and definitely anti-Roman. (After all, William I found the people of Northumbria unconquered and definitely anti-Norman, and had to spend a lot of lives and time and money before he could persuade them to conform: he never really succeeded in doing so anyway.) No, I think that Hadrian built his wall where he did because the people to the north of it were different, as the Scots are to-day, in speech and culture. I think that in his day Scotland stretched down to the Tyne.

Scotland no longer reaches down to the Tyne. But there is still a difference about Newcastle, and the area immediately around it, and this despite the levelling pressure of the centuries, despite the standardisation which seems to be inseparable from life in the mid-twentieth century. You become aware of it the moment you enter Tyneside. The difference is, of course, no longer markedly Scottish in character.

All the same, if you look closely, you cannot fail to observe some Scottish influences in modern Newcastle. Many of the buildings—at least of those prior to the Regency period, and even some of the latter—have a Scottish atmosphere about their mouldings, pediments, and so forth. There can be little doubt that at one time, and until quite recently, Newcastle architects were accustomed to look north rather than south for their inspiration. There is even, I always feel, a touch of Scotland about Dobson's magnificent railway station. At any rate, whenever I am in Newcastle railway station, I feel much farther north than Newcastle.

But you do have to look closely to notice the minor decorative details of a building. You do not have to look closely to notice that Newcastle has some very impressive buildings and a surprising number of statues, the standard of which is, on the whole, well above the average for provincial cities in Britain. In particular, there is Alfred Gilbert's—the Alfred Gilbert of Eros fame—remarkable seated, and rather grumpy, Queen Victoria in St. Nicholas's Square. There can be no doubt about it. You cross Tyne Bridge, and you know that you are in a very considerable city, and a proud one at that.

John Wesley said of Newcastle: "I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness." Which, from so travelled a man, is high praise indeed. I have been to Newcastle many times—to the great fair on the Town Moor, to the race meetings in Gosforth Park, spent more than one morning at the "Sunday Market" on the quayside—and I like Newcastle. But I cannot say that I have ever thought of it as the pleasantest place in Great Britain. Indeed, I must admit that I have never even thought of it in that category.

I think that John Wesley must have come to Newcastle by way of Gateshead (which is, I suppose, the way that most strangers do), for coming that way you do, from Tyne Bridge, get the full impact of Newcastle and it is, particularly because of Gateshead, a very favourable one. For Gateshead really is depressing. It is a very large town—in point of fact, though this may astonish many people, by far the largest town on the road between London and Newcastle, very much larger than Doncaster or Darlington—with a mayor and aldermen and a couple of Members of Parliament all of its own. But, somehow, it does not look like a town at all. You do not say, driving along the Great North Road, "I am coming into Gateshead" (as you do of Doncaster or Darlington or, indeed, any of the other towns along that road), you do not even say "This is Gateshead" (because you do not know): you think you are in the outskirts of Newcastle, which is true enough anyway.

Gateshead is just a huge, sprawling, built-up area, every street looking pretty much the same as every other street. If there is an impressive public building in Gateshead, I have not seen it. Mind you, this is not Gateshead's fault. Nobody bothered when it was built: it was built to work in rather than to live in. And, anyhow, there is Newcastle and all the amenities just across the river, so why worry.

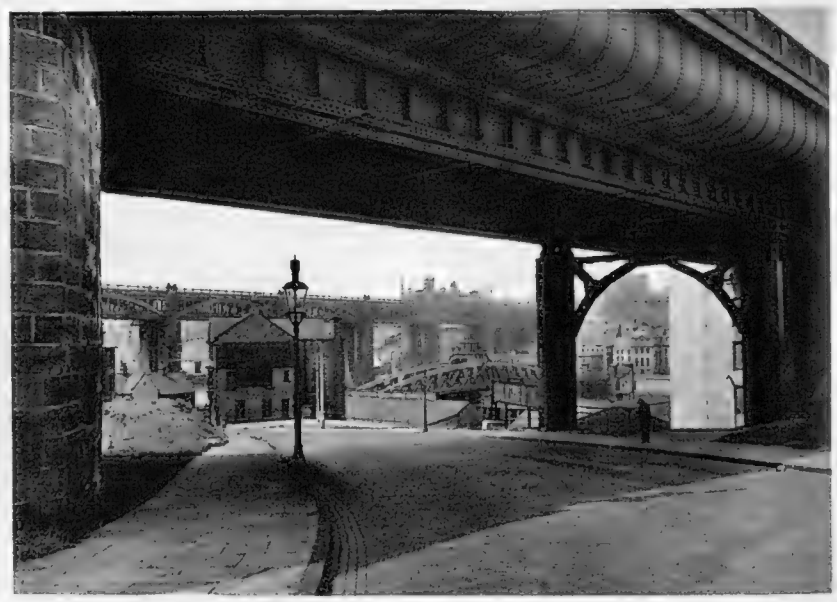
When you reach the Tyne Bridge you leave this rather disturbing memorial to the great industrial boom, and there before you is Newcastle, built on an escarpment with the river far below. You get an impression of ridges and hollows, and when you are in the town itself you become conscious of astonishing changes of level. There are steps, hundreds and hundreds of steps; there are bridges soaring high overhead; and sometimes it looks as though one house was built upon the roof of another. Of course, this sort of thing is to be found, though not on quite the same scale, elsewhere in Britain. But no other town, not even Manchester, is black as the heart of Newcastle is black. Many of the buildings really do look as though they had been built of coal. Somebody once called Newcastle the "Ebony City." It is a fitting description.

Arnold Bennett said of Newcastle that it had known "terrible battles, obstinate sieges, famines, cholera, a general conflagration, and, in the twentieth century, strikes that possibly were worse than pestilence. It had fiercely survived them all. It was a city passionate and highly vitalised." And Arnold Bennett wrote before the Great Slump, which grew grass in the streets of Tyneside. There is truth in what he wrote, for Newcastle is a passionately vital place.

This is because of the people. They *are* different. And this is recognised implicitly by the rest of us. We have given them a name: Geordies. We do not give such titles easily. Mostly a man is known by his town or his county or his country. We speak of a Liverpudlian, a Devon man, a Welshman or Scotsman or Irishman. Indeed, only the folk of Tyneside and a small part of London have acquired specific labels: Geordies and Cockneys.

I think that you can recognise a definite Geordie type in the pubs and streets of Newcastle: the men rather short and wiry, with sharp features and square chins; the women rather shorter than average, perhaps, and certainly rather prettier than average. And walking about working Newcastle you cannot help being struck by the number of red-haired women and black-haired men.

The Geordie accent has survived the onslaught of B.B.C. English and universal education. At its worst it is a harsh twang with a rising inflection at the end of each phrase: at its best, almost as musical as Welsh. Dialect words are still common in everyday speech: it is not at all unusual to be addressed as "hinnie" in the pubs. The man is not suggesting that you are the offspring of a she-ass and a stallion. He is being exceptionally polite and friendly—and there are plenty of other words like this in daily use. Quite apart from them, I find a Geordie in full spate extraordinarily difficult to understand. It is not that he speaks particularly quickly, but that he has a genius for reducing quite long sentences to a matter of two syllables or so. So far as I could make out "Wadrin hinnie?" is the Geordie equivalent of "What will you drink, sir?" Fortunately, I discovered this in time.



BRIDGING THE TYNE IN NEWCASTLE: The King George V bridge, one of the seven bridges which cross the river in the Newcastle area, is seen from Gateshead. It was completed in 1929. *On right*—From the same bridge the camera looks across to the swing bridge constructed in 1876 and in the background to the High Level Bridge (1846-49).

Newcastle, working under the shadow of "Recession," is very prosperous. The Great Slump has left its mark all along Tyneside—no one who spends any time in the place can have the slightest doubt about that—yet I heard no talk of economic difficulties and not so much as one mention of the hydrogen-bomb or Mr. Khrushchev. It might be said that there are only two topics of general conversation in the working parts of Newcastle: the iniquities of the Rent Act and the shortcomings of the Newcastle United Football Club. And the latter would seem to be the more important.

Opponents in Indonesia

The Rebels in Celebes and Government Forces in Sumatra

Throughout last week the Indonesian Government continued its offensive against the rebels in several theatres. Ports and towns taken by the rebels under Lieut.-Colonel Sumual in Celebes were pounded from the sea and from the air. The main centre of operations was still in Sumatra, the Government commanders concentrating on their campaign in the central region of the island. Pakanbaru was wrested from the rebels. According to reports reaching London, the oil installations there were untouched during the fighting and had started working again after the Government occupation of the town. From Pakanbaru the Jakarta forces were pushing on towards Padang, the stronghold of the rebel Government and military leaders. Padang (rebel) radio admitted the withdrawal from Pakanbaru. Government sources stated that their offensive against the rebels was to be stepped-up. It was understood that paratroops were being used to good effect in the fighting in jungle conditions.

It seemed clear that Dr. Sukarno held the advantage in the number of troops available to him and in the possession of far superior naval and air forces to the rebels, who appeared to be fighting without any co-ordinated plan in the various parts of the Indonesian islands which they had seized. Both sides claimed that their rivals were receiving foreign aid but Communist-inspired demonstrations against the American Embassy in Jakarta were prohibited by the authorities in the capital. At the same time the Government banned foreign aircraft from flying over a considerable area of northern Celebes.

PREPARING FOR AN OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE REBELS: A vehicle is unloaded from a landing craft by Government soldiers at Pakanbaru, in Central Sumatra. This is an area in which the Government has speeded up its operations.

WATER ON TROUBLED OIL: Oil tanks are on fire at rebel-held Menado in northern Celebes as result of bombardment by Indonesian Government warships. The tanks had previously been pumped dry but attempts by firemen to put out the blaze with water helped only to increase the conflagration.

On right—

A REBEL LEADER: Lieut.-Colonel Ventje Sumual commands the rebel troops which have seized a number of towns in Celebes. Government forces have counter-attacked.

A GOVERNMENT PRISON CAGE: Rebel soldiers and civilians suspected of rebel sympathies are behind the barbed wire at Pakanbaru. From there the Government were reported to be pressing on westwards against the rebels.

AN OIL INSTALLATION AT WORK: A group of Government troops stands by an oil pump belonging to the Caltex Pacific Oil Company in the oilfields at Pakanbaru. According to information reaching London, the installations at these oil wells were undamaged during the fighting.

SIGNING A BRICK: A visitor to Guildford Cathedral signs her name on a brick which she has purchased for 2s. 6d. It will be used in building the walls of the nave on which work was begun in April 1955.

CLEANING UP THE STONEWORK: A stonemason with chisel and mallet cleans up a joint in one of the arch windows of the nave of Guildford Cathedral. The Cathedral stands on Stag Hill above the town.

WORKING ON THE ARCH OF THE NAVE: Workmen cement one of the carved blocks of stone into position above the arch of the nave. The outside bricks (top centre), which are designed to last for hundreds of years, are all made by hand from the clay of Stag Hill, on which the Cathedral stands.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NAVE: Some of the vast quantity of bricks needed for the completion of the Cathedral lie in piles on the scaffolding surrounding one of the walls of the nave. Materials for the building have come from many parts of England and from Sweden and Italy. The ambulatories round the Cathedral are paved with long-wearing Travertine marble.

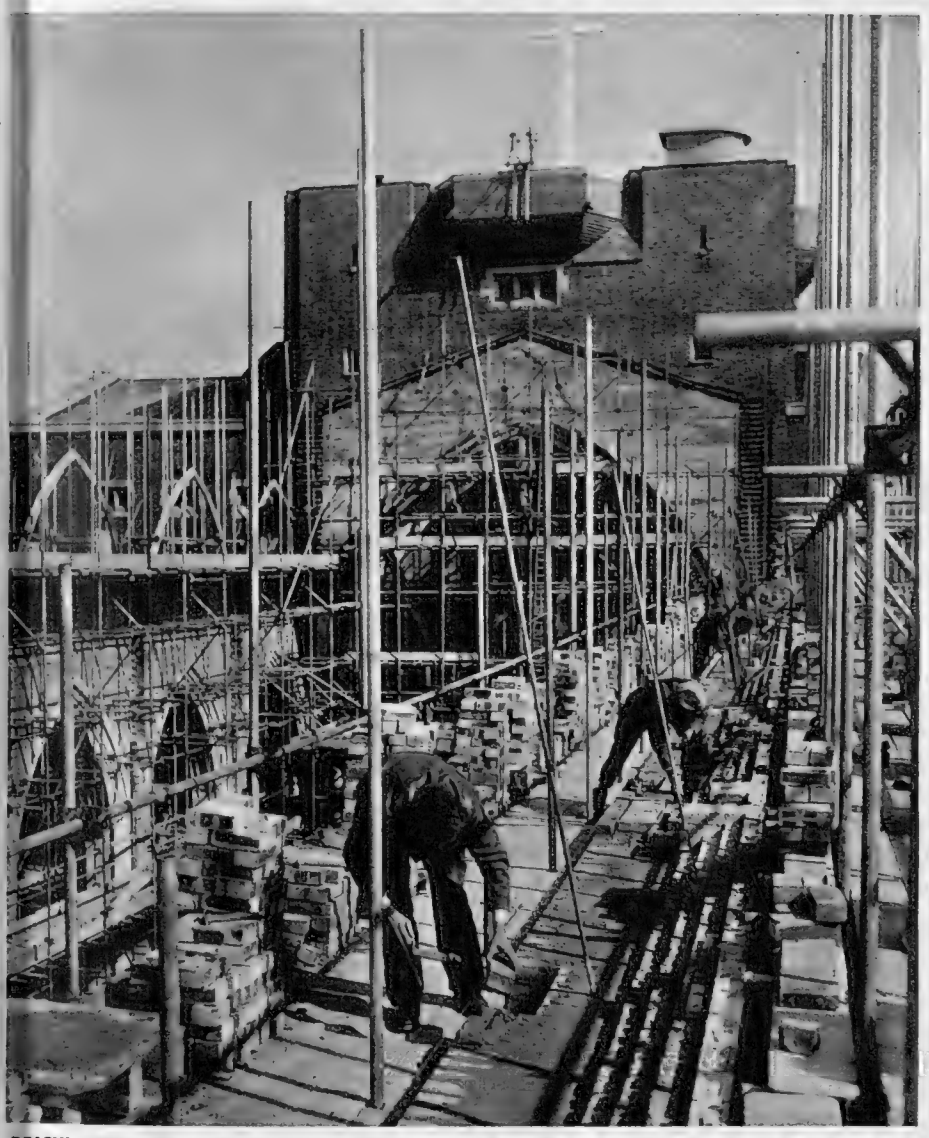
GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL

The Work on the Nave is Nearing Completion

Standing high above the town in a dominating position on Stag Hill, Guildford's new Cathedral is nearing completion. When work started on the nave in April 1955, the choir, transepts and the 180-ft.-high tower had been finished, so that to-day, as the walls of the nave rise higher and higher, it is possible to see the final cruciform shape of the Cathedral. The Diocese of Guildford came into existence in 1927 when, with the increasing population of Surrey, the old Diocese of Winchester was divided into three—Winchester, Portsmouth and Guildford. Architects were asked to submit designs for a new Cathedral at Guildford and the final design chosen was that of Sir Edward Maufe, R.A. Work on the Cathedral was begun in 1936, when the Archbishop of Canterbury laid the foundation-stone for the dedication of the Cathedral Church of the Holy Spirit in Guildford.

Building was interrupted by the war and did not start again until 1948. There was a serious lack of funds but various appeals were launched and in April 1955, Princess Margaret went to Guildford to inaugurate the nave, for the construction of which £175,000 were needed. An impressive pilgrims' service was held before the inauguration. About 15,000 pilgrims, some dressed in medieval costume as knights, squires and ladies riding caparisoned horses, joined in processions from various parts of the town to gather round the Cathedral for the open-air service in the grounds. The land for the building was given by the 5th Earl of Onslow and the immediately surrounding land by the late Lord Bennett, former Prime Minister of Canada, to commemorate the thousands of Canadian soldiers stationed round Guildford in the two world wars. Although traditional in its cruciform plan, the Cathedral has new ideas and methods in its construction. The exterior is of brick with facings of Clipsham stone and reinforced concrete has been used for the roof vaulting. Many different decorative materials can be found in the building. The stone inside the Cathedral comes from Doulting, in Somerset.

THE FRONT OF GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL: Scaffolding surrounds the nave, which it is hoped will be finished by the end of next year so that the Cathedral can be consecrated by October, 1959. Behind the nave can be seen the completed part of the building, the transepts, choir and the 180-ft.-high tower, which was begun in 1936. Cruciform in shape, the Cathedral was designed by Sir Edward Maufe, R.A. Although traditional in plan, new methods and ideas have been used in the construction.



BRICKLAYERS AT WORK: The walls of the nave rise steadily as workmen complete each course of bricks. Behind can be seen the tower and one of the transepts. On the left the height of the nave windows is shown by the wooden frameworks which are being placed into position.

A FINE VIEW OF THE WORK IN PROGRESS: The shape of the windows in the nave of Guildford Cathedral can be clearly seen. In the middle distance on the left are the gardens and trees on the land given by the late Lord Bennett.

AS FAR WEST AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO GO ON BRITAIN'S MAINLAND: The lighthouse stands on the tip of Ardnamurchan Point, in Argyllshire, in Scotland. On the far side of the channel is the Isle of Coll. The peninsula of Ardnamurchan is the most westerly region on the mainland of Britain. The roads on it are poor and its communities have suffered most seriously from depopulation, but it contains some varied scenery to reward the tourist.

THE LIGHTHOUSE IN ITS REMOTE SURROUNDINGS AT ARDNAMURCHAN: It is built on jagged rocks above a bay in which there is a sandy shore at low tide. The light flashes across the water, on the other side of which can be seen the peaks of the Isle of Rum.

THE POINT OF ARDNAMURCHAN

The Westernmost Extremity of the Mainland of Britain

SIGNS OF HABITATION WHICH ARE MISLEADING: With its trim white dwellings the crofting community of Sanna looks prosperous. In fact it has no more than eight permanent inhabitants. Most of the houses here are opened only for holidays in the summer.

A PASTORAL SCENE: Cattle have been turned out after the long winter at Grigadale, near the end of the peninsula of Ardnamurchan. Because of the bad roads the farmers often prefer to send their cattle by sea to market at Oban instead of by land to Fort William.

MOST people, if asked in a quiz the most westerly point on the mainland of Britain, would probably reply that it was Land's End, in Cornwall. They would be wrong, because owing to the curves of the lines of longitude this position belongs to a headland on the coast of Argyllshire, in Scotland—Ardnamurchan Point.

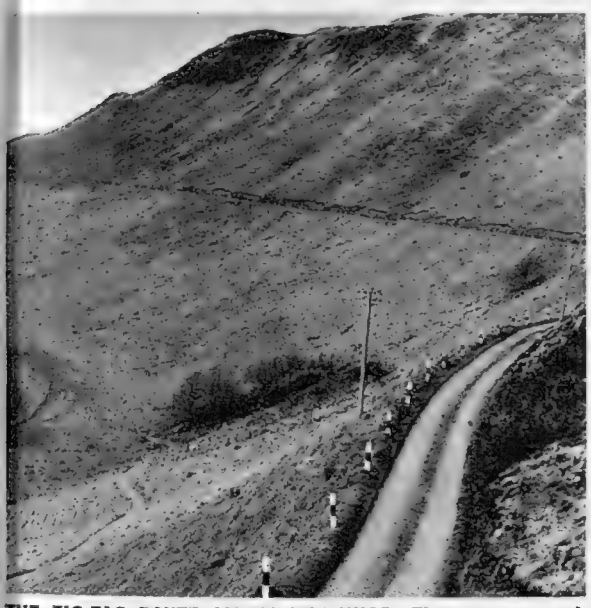
The peninsula, which is a Scottish parish covering an area of nearly 110,000 acres, deserves to be known for its attractions, apart from its unique geographical position. It offers a most delightful variety of scenery. The drawback to reaching it is the roads, which are generally regarded as among the worst in Scotland.

Provided the weather is favourable, the best way to start on the journey is by crossing the Corran Ferry over Loch Linnhe, which forms the south-west entrance to the Caledonian Canal. A drive of a few miles brings one to Glen Tarbert and the opening of fine landscape. The road runs through woods of oak and hazel which fringe Loch Sunart. At this time of year the botanist can delight in banks of primroses and violets and the bird-watcher observes such species as the buzzard, the northern diver and, if lucky, even the King of Birds, the Golden Eagle.

Passing along the northern shore of the loch one enters the Parish of Ardnamurchan. It is worth while stopping and climbing Ben Hiant. The peak is only 1,200 ft. high, but from the summit the view is superb, looking out to sea towards the Hebrides from Skye to the Outer Isles. Immediately below is the narrowing tip of the peninsula and the headland of Ardnamurchan. Rocky hills shaped by glaciation into weird gabbro forms—gabbro is a rock with a speckled or mottled appearance somewhat similar in texture to granite—contrast with good pasture land on which cattle graze.

The most westerly point of Britain's mainland is marked by a lighthouse standing above a bay which at low tide is surrounded by silver sands. Across the waters are the islands of Coll, Muck, Eigg and Rum. On a recent trip to Ardnamurchan Point I was interested, and not a little surprised, to be welcomed by a lighthouse-keeper who addressed me in a Lancashire accent. Mr. Bob Orrel comes from Manchester. He left the Royal Air Force Mountain Rescue Service to join the Lighthouse Service two years ago. His wife is also from Manchester. Both of them have been captivated by the charms of the coast of the Scottish Highlands.

THE BROKEN LANDSCAPE ON THE WAY TO ARDNAMURCHAN : Heavy glaciation at the time of the Ice Age is believed to have scooped out the "U"-shaped valley between the hills beyond Loch Sunart. The woods in the foreground are comprised of natural oaks and stretch for ten miles in this area. Loch Sunart is an important landmark on the way to Britain's most westerly point. Most travellers take the route over the Corran Ferry to Glen Tarbert, then to Loch Sunart and on to the headland at Ardnamurchan.



THE ZIG-ZAG ROUTE AMONG THE HILLS: The narrow road following a winding course is typical of the route which motorists have to take to reach Ardnamurchan Point.

Throughout the peninsula one comes upon scattered villages and hamlets. Some of them look prosperous, with white cottages and houses. Sanna is a case in point. In fact it has no more than eight permanent inhabitants. The bulk of the dwellings are occupied only in the summer—by people who have left Ardnamurchan for the cities and towns of Scotland and return merely for their holidays.

Like many of the remote parts of the Highlands, Ardnamurchan is suffering from depopulation. The inhabitants to-day number less than 1,000—two-thirds of the figure of fifty years ago. The state of the roads has no doubt helped to swell the number of those leaving. Yet anyone who is prepared to follow the route to the shores of the Atlantic will be well rewarded.

Tom Weir.

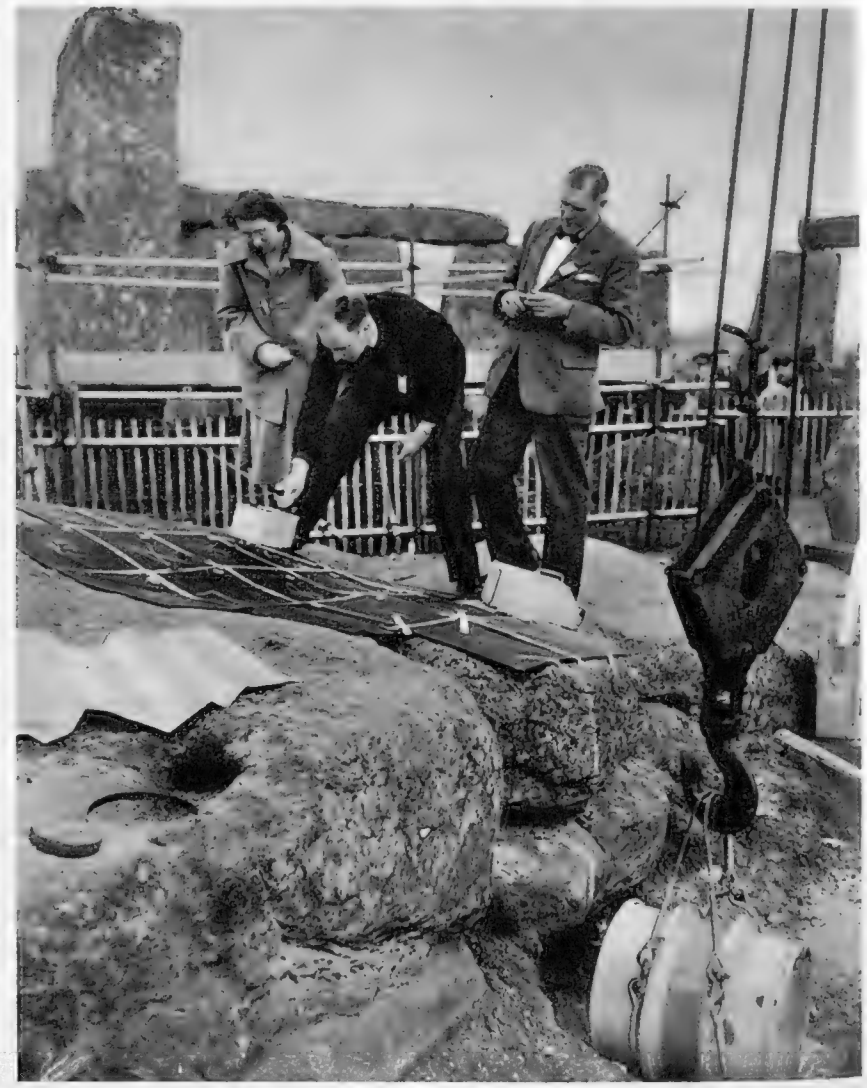
CONTRASTS IN GEOLOGICAL STRATA NEAR THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND: Another stretch of the road to Ardnamurchan twists through countryside which reveals the variety of the peninsula. Below the hills of gabbro rock (which is similar to granite) the soil is in some places extremely poor, but in others it offers excellent grazing or produces good crops.

A RADIATION CHECK AT THE MOST IMPOSING MEGALITHIC MONUMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN : From a platform outside a barrier Mr. M. Whiting, an officer from Harwell Atomic Research Establishment, uses a radiation monitor to test the fallen upright of a trilithon at Stonehenge for radiation activity. It was found to be completely safe outside the barrier. Harwell scientists went to Stonehenge to X-ray the stone for internal cracks before it was raised by engineers.

DRUID STONES X-RAYED

Harwell Scientists use Radioactive Sodium at the Prehistoric Stone Monument on Salisbury Plain

Considerable interest was focused on Stonehenge last week when a team of scientists from the Harwell Atomic Energy Establishment arrived with radioactive sodium 24 which was used for the X-ray of a 45-ton fallen upright of a trilithon which is to be erected by the Ministry of Works. The stone has a number of internal cracks in it and the results of the X-ray will assist engineers in their task of raising it. After a barrier had been erected round the stone to prevent access by the curious, a cylinder containing the sodium, enclosed in a drum of lead, was lowered into a hole at the base of the stone. It was left there for 36 hours to enable rays to pass through the stone, recording on X-ray film laid on the surface the extent and depths of the cracks.



HARWELL SCIENTISTS COME TO THE AID OF THE MINISTRY OF WORKS : *Left*—A canister containing radioactive sodium is lowered into the hole beneath the fallen upright of a trilithon. It was pulled into position under the stone by strings and left there for 36 hours, during which time rays passed through the 4 ft. 6 ins. thick stone and recorded on X-ray film on top of the stone the extent and depth of the cracks. *Right*—A radiation monitor is used to test for radiation activity.

Guardians of the Alps

Various Stages in the Training of Recruits to the Alpini Corps, the Famous Italian Mountain Unit

THE START OF AN INTENSIVE TRAINING COURSE IN THE ITALIAN DOLOMITES : Young recruits to the élite Alpini Corps work their way down a snow-covered peak during the first stage of a six-week training course to qualify for the ranks. *On left*—A recruit, with an 81-mm. mortar tube strapped to his back, lowers himself down a sheer granite wall during an exercise in the Dolomites.

A high degree of stamina and presence of mind are among the essential qualifications for entry into the Alpini Corps, the famous Italian mountain unit which dates back to 1872, when its main purpose was to defend the Alpine passes. Entry into the ranks is highly selective, and to determine whether a prospective recruit measures up to the high standards required, he is sent on a fully comprehensive and extremely intensive training course of about six weeks' duration.

This takes place in the area surrounding the tiny Italian village of Corvara. The distinctive peculiarities of the Dolomite mountains, with their steep precipices and isolated peaks, make an ideal training ground for the recruit to be put through his paces. Some of the mountains, although seemingly easy, prove exceedingly difficult as the climb progresses, and, indeed, some of them are not without an element of great danger. Not only does the nature of an Alpini's duty demand that he be a first-rate climber on rock, he must also possess the same capabilities when trekking over snow and ice. The trainees are divided into teams of seven. Each man is required to complete a twenty-two-mile trek, taking him to an elevation of 6,000 ft. In addition to carrying a 45-lb. haversack, each trainee carries a rifle, sleeping equipment and provisions.

EXERCISES OF A VARIED NATURE : A trainee proves his physical abilities by nimbly jumping over a crevasse with a pick-axe in his hand. Exercises such as this, although appearing to be feats of daring skill, are simply part of the routine work. *On left*—Two other trainees have successfully scaled a difficult crag in another part of the Dolomites. The training lasts for six weeks.

THE APPROACH OVER THE THAMES TO A LONDON TERMINUS : Workmen have started the task of demolishing the roof of Cannon Street Station, which was badly damaged by bombs in the last war. It is expected to take them more than a year, and British Railways (Southern Region) announce that over 1,000 tons of metal will have to be removed during the reconstruction and modernisation. The station is being closed from Monday to Friday of each week from 10.45 a.m. to 3.15 p.m. and all the week-end. Extra trains will be put into service from Charing Cross and London Bridge. In April of last year services from Cannon Street were greatly restricted when the signal-box which stood on the bridge over the Thames was destroyed by fire. For some considerable time steam trains were not used, as they took longer to operate than electric trains. It was necessary to employ hand signalling until a temporary power-operated signal box could be installed. Cannon Street Station was built in 1866. During the war the station was damaged by bombs at the time when Cannon Street itself from St. Paul's to Queen Victoria Street was almost obliterated. Now it is hoped that the station will be completely rebuilt and modernised to deal efficiently with a greater volume of traffic. At one of London's other main line stations, Euston, a new roof was built in 1955, specially designed for the better dispersal of smoke and steam. Of the jack-vent type, it cost £20,000 and included 2,500 panes of glass.

Dismantling the Roof of Cannon Street Station

Workmen Have Started on the Task of Removing More than a Thousand Tons of Metal

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ROOF TO BE DEMOLISHED: In the foreground is the Thames and Cannon Street railway bridge. It is necessary to remove all the glass before the roof can be dismantled. To the rear of the station are some of the new blocks of offices east of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE GLASS TO BE REMOVED: In the foreground is a section of the roof of the station which has to be stripped of its glass. The section in the background is free of glass and will shortly be demolished.

Saving Dollars—The Making of Film Base

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE does not hear the phrase "in order to save dollars" in this country nearly as often as one did ten years ago: there are fashions in economic anxiety. There is no longer nearly as much exhortation and encouragement to do things in Britain that used to be done only in America as there was at the end of the war. The "dollar shortage" has been superseded by "the problem of international liquidity" (though this is not a very different phenomenon). Yet that official policy of the early post-war years has left lasting legacies in many British industries—in plant and processes that might never have been established here if we had gone on importing freely from the United States. One of them is the British photographic industry.

Film is the main product of any photographic industry, not the cameras and other equipment used in fixing the fleeting image on its light-sensitive record. In the British amateur market, for instance, about £20,000,000 a year may be spent on film (£14,000,000 on film rolls and about £6,000,000 on processing them); sales of cameras do not much more than top £2,000,000. Home photography, however, is only one slice of this industry's market. With cinema film and X-ray film, plus the equipment to use them, the total value of output in the British photographic industry was put at £50,000,000 in 1955, and certainly film is the biggest element of this.

Now the biggest single element in the cost of making a photographic film is the base—the flexible plastic film which as a "raw" material receives the light-sensitive coating, or "emulsion." This base is a roll of plastic strip about three-thousandths of an inch thick. It used to be made of celluloid, or cellulose nitrate, but since the industry has gone over to non-inflammable stock it is made of a slightly different plastic, cellulose acetate. Until 1939 it was all made abroad: Britain produced none of it at all.

That is where, in 1946, the dollar shortage came in. Before the war, nearly all the film base used in Britain was imported from the U.S. The late Sir Stafford Cripps, at the Board of Trade in the first post-war Labour Government, was concerned to reduce dependence on dollar imports everywhere in British industry. He warned the firms producing photographic film—which essentially in Britain come down to two—that imports of this base material would have to remain limited. Kodak is itself an American-controlled company. The biggest purely British company is Ilford, which sells about half the film produced in this country, two-thirds of the photographic plates and about a third of the photographic paper. It was Ilford—in association with a plastics company in which Distillers Ltd. has an interest, B.X. Plastics—that ventured into producing acetate film base in this country for the first time.

The two companies set up a joint subsidiary, Bexford Ltd., in a factory at Brantham, in Essex. The film base is produced from cellulose of high purity—generally derived from cotton linters, a fibre from the cotton plant which is too short for spinning. Treated with acetic acid, the cellulose forms the acetate as a flaky material. This, dissolved in organic solvents, is "cast" on to the surface of a slowly moving band. As it begins to dry, it can be removed as a continuous plastic sheet. The technology is complex, and setting it up for the first time presented considerable problems: but by 1950 the plant began running. To-day it supplies the whole of Ilford's requirements—roughly half Britain's home supplies, plus 55 per cent. of film exports—and, moreover, exports "base" direct (even to the United States).

On to that base go various coatings; a coloured backing layer to absorb superfluous light that might otherwise cause "halo" effects round bright points in the photographic image, and a "supercoat" to afford some protection, but primarily the light-sensitive emulsion that makes photography possible. This consists mainly of certain salts of silver suspended in gelatin. These salts are affected by light, and can later be reduced to metallic silver in a developing solution.

The size and distribution of these tiny crystals of silver "halides"—the largest are less than a ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter—determines the speed, contrast and grain available from any particular photographic film. These coatings are put on to a roll of film base 3 ft. 6 ins. wide by some 1,200 ft. long. After drying, it is slit and cut to the widths and lengths required for different kinds of film, and packed in paper which protects it from light. Keeping out unwanted light is an essential in film manufacture—all the coating processes have to be done in darkroom conditions.

Immediately after the war, the biggest expansion in the market for film in Britain was for medical requirements. Mass radiography is a technique which had hardly developed before the war. Moreover, establishment of the National Health Service in this country greatly increased the numbers of people receiving diagnostic attention, and an X-ray machine uses big films. Recently, the use of X-rays outside medicine and dentistry has increased. A growing proportion of castings and major weldings in engineering, for example, now undergo radiographic test to reveal faults hidden within the metal.

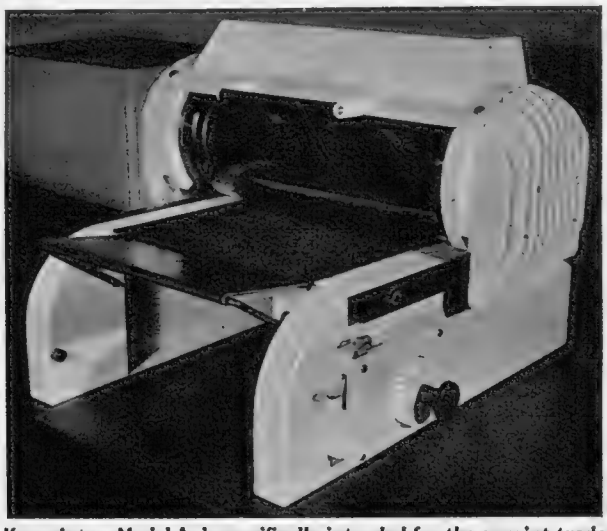
The British cinema film boom of the late forties, again, did cause an upsurge in that part of the sensitized film market. The number of films produced has settled down since, though the filming of programmes for television is now providing a new "growth element" in this market.

In the amateur market, to-day, the most rapidly growing element is colour. It is reckoned that perhaps one in every ten photographs taken in Britain nowadays is a colour shot. The two most popular types sold in Britain, Kodachrome and Ilford Colour, are both "reversal" films—which give a "transparency" when developed, not a print; but both of the big companies are now offering colour prints made from these transparencies very cheaply. Ilford offer a postcard size colour print for half a crown, which is perhaps the cheapest in the world. Processing of colour film is a delicate business, essentially for experts. Both Ilford and Kodak include processing in the price of the roll of colour film. Colour photographs can now be taken by practically all cameras,

In widening the use of colour, Britain is following the United States. It is also attempting to follow America in popularising flash-bulb photography for the amateur. For the film producer and processor the major problem of the amateur market lies in its seasonal nature. Something like 70 per cent. of the money spent on photography in Britain is spent from June to September. Film processing plants, in particular, are frantically busy in a good summer and slack for the rest of the year. Some of the United States has more daylight for much more of the year; but the industry there has spread out its business yet more regularly by popularising indoor photography much more than in Britain.

Here, this is still largely a matter for the enthusiast—the kind likely to have more ambitious equipment than most British companies make, and perhaps doing his own film processing, at least for black-and-white photography. But it is the humble amateur, taking his domestic snapshots, who provides the bread and butter of the photographic market—and anything that might spread the butter more evenly could make a big difference to the growth of the British photographic industry.

STREAMLINING DOCUMENT AND PLAN COPYING: In the reproduction department of J. and E. Hall Ltd., at Dartford, an Azoflex Model E. 50 machine, in the foreground, is being operated for the rapid production of office forms. In the background are two Azoflex Model 46/35 machines for the reproduction of plans and drawings. Ilford Azoflex equipment has enabled the drawing office to dispense almost entirely with the need for tracing the drawings.



AUTOMATION FOR THE PHOTOFINISHER: *Left*—The Ilford Kenprinter, Model A, is specifically intended for the enprint trade and will produce prints from 3½ by 3½ ins. up to 3½ by 5½ ins. depending on the size of the negative. *Right*—The Ilford Azoflex K 10 Printer has been designed to give direct positive prints from broadsheets up to 13 by 10 ins.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

TAPE-RECORDED TELEVISION

A technician operates the controls of Vera (Vision Electronic Recording Apparatus), a machine developed by engineers of the British Broadcasting Corporation's research laboratories at Balham, enabling television programmes to be recorded on magnetic tape in the same manner that sound programmes are recorded.

Until recently, the only way of recording television pictures for later reproduction in programmes was by using a film camera to photograph the production. Vera operates in much the same way as a tape recorder. It records the electrical impulses from which the pictures are built up on the screen and stores them until reproduction of the picture is required. The B.B.C. research department has been working on Vera since 1956.

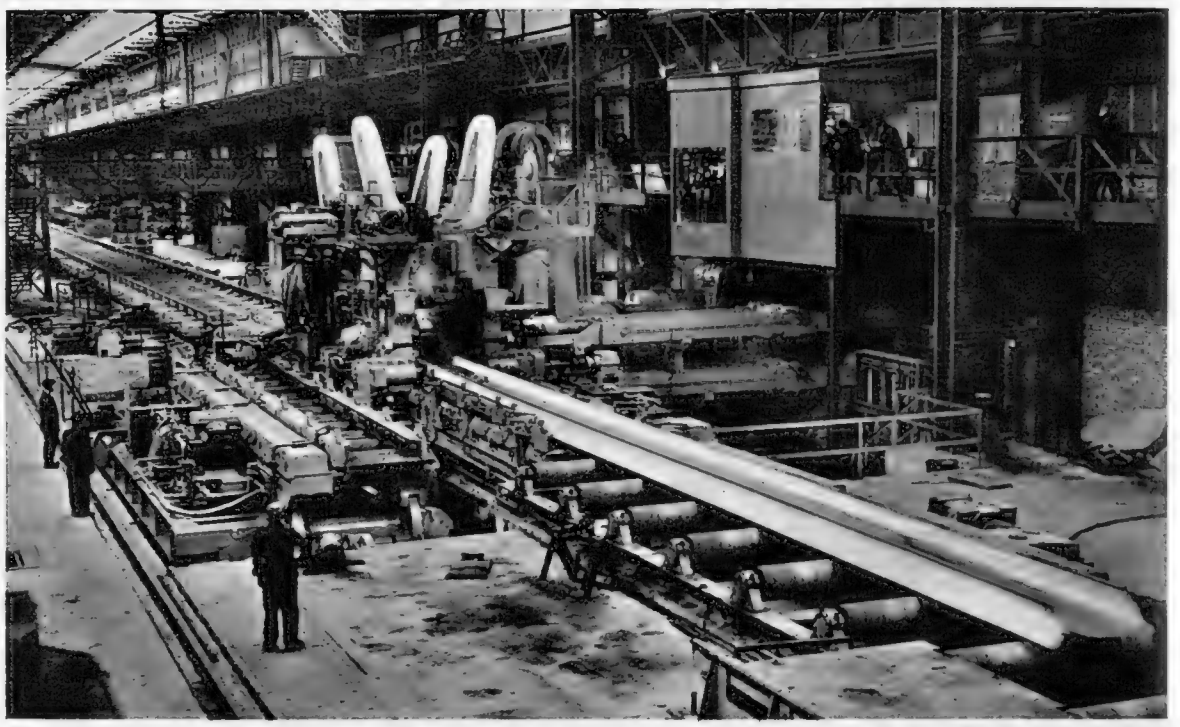
A general view of the modern crushing plant installed at a new limestone quarry opened at Temple Guiting, in Gloucestershire, to meet the demands of agriculture for lime and the need for stone for local road schemes. The new crushing machinery can produce about 25 tons of agricultural limestone and 10 tons of industrial stone an hour.

A NEW LIMESTONE QUARRY

On right—

ROLLING EUROPE'S BIGGEST BEAM

A 36-in. by 16½-in. beam, the largest ever rolled in Europe, is seen passing through the machinery at the Dorman Long Universal Beam Mill at Lackenby, in North Yorkshire, which came into production for the first time last week. The beam will give greater strength for a given weight of steel. The mill, which cost £18,000,000, is the culmination of the £60,000,000 Dorman Long post-war developments. It will make available large tonnages not hitherto produced in quantity in the United Kingdom. The first heavy beams which were rolled at the new mill are to be used in the five bridges for the North Riding County Council in the Catterick by-pass scheme on the A.1 trunk-road.



BRITISH OILTANKS FOR VENEZUELAN OILFIELDS

Two of the largest mobile tanks designed to carry mud from drilling were shipped recently to Compania Shell de Venezuela Ltd., for use in oilfields. Costing about £7,000, each consists of a 4,500 Imperial gallons gross capacity vacuum tank with engine and compressor, mounted on a 50-ton heavy-duty semi-trailer.

Manufactured by Bristowes Machinery Ltd., of Edmonton, to Shell's requirements, each mud tank is 27 ft. long, 6 ft. in diameter and is fitted with access catwalks and four inspection manholes in the top. Filling is by vacuum and discharge by compressed air, at a pressure of 30 lb. per square inch. The reciprocating compressor is coupled to a Perkins S6 diesel power unit, both units being carried on the raised front deck of the semi-trailer, which was built by R. A. Dyson and Company, of Liverpool.

BRITAIN'S REVOLUTIONARY ROAD ROLLER

The first production road roller in Britain to be fitted with a torque converter has been delivered by the manufacturers, Thomas Green and Son Ltd., of Leeds, to Eddison Plant Ltd., of Belton, Grantham. Known as the Eddimatic Torque Ranger, it was built to Eddison Plant's own design and incorporates many unusual features.

The roller, the result of several years of development, is powered by a 4-cylinder Ford diesel engine and has a Brockhouse 1334/169 Torque Converter in place of the usual gear-box. The advantages with this type of transmission include greatly increased flexibility and control, infinitely variable speeds up to 5 m.p.h., and exceptional hill-climbing ability. Another of the roller's features is the use of a detachable plastic (glass fibre) cab fitted with laminated three-ply safety glass and sliding doors.

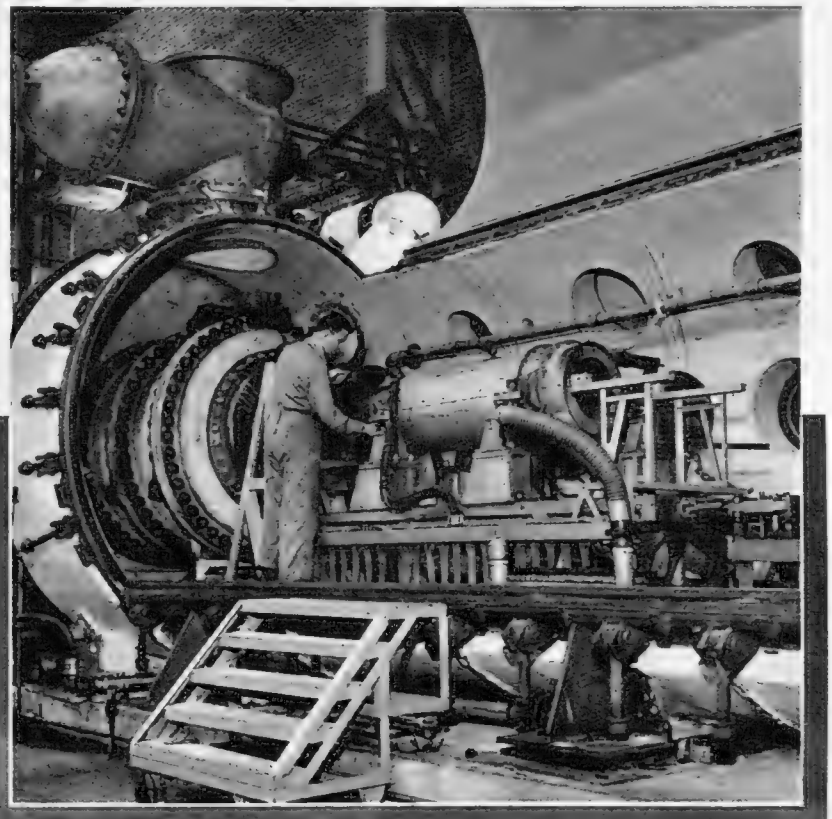
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

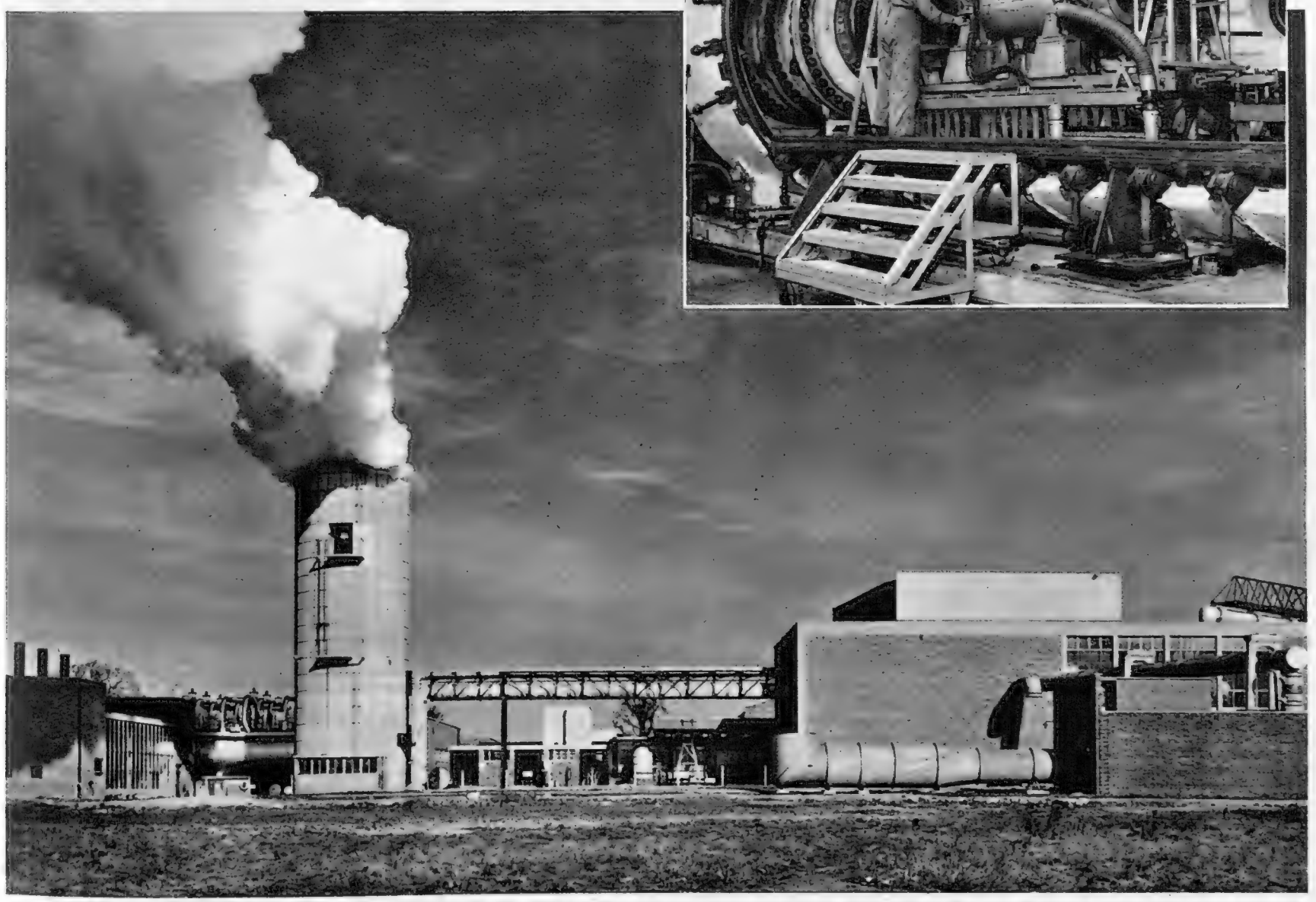
BRITAIN BUILDS A BRIDGE FOR PERSIA

There will always be romance in the names of the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates. According to the Book of Genesis they were respectively the third and the fourth rivers created to flow from the Garden of Eden. To-day both rivers have their sources in modern Turkey, the Tigris continuing its course through Iraq and the Euphrates through Syria and Iraq. They meet at the Shatt al Arab and flow out to sea through Iraq and Persia. On the Persian side of the watercourse British engineers are soon to add to its history. A bridge is to be built between Khorramshahr and the island of Abadan. The artist's impression *above*, which is drawn from Khorramshahr looking to Abadan, gives some idea of what the structure will look like when complete. Five spans approached on each side by ramps will carry a dual roadway over the 827-ft.-wide river. Fine embankments will run along each side. The contract for the entire design and construction of this bridge has been awarded to the Cementation Company of London.

A NEW HIGH ALTITUDE TEST PLANT

The Deputy Chief of Air Staff, Sir Geoffrey Tuttle, recently opened a new test plant at the Patchway works of Bristol Aero-Engines Limited. It is primarily intended for the development of ramjets for operation at very high speeds and altitudes. Conditions can be simulated equivalent to speeds of more than Mach 3.5 (2,300 m.p.h.) and altitudes of up to 100,000 ft. The maximum Mach number is limited only by the temperature to which the air, "breathed" by the ramjet, can be raised—with the present heating system this is 450 degs. C. *On the right*, a ramjet is being adjusted in the test cell of the test plant. The cell, made of steel 1 in. thick and weighing 108 tons, is designed to withstand an absolute vacuum and allow simulation of extreme altitudes. Air is blown from a nozzle over the ramjet intake (by the right arm of the fitter) and engine operation is studied by extensive use of recording instruments. *Below* is a general view of the high-altitude test plant. Steam ejectors are used to evacuate the ramjet exhaust gases at very low pressures. In the test cell the air is blown through the ramjet from a nozzle fed by an overhead pipe from an air supply station where four Proteus compressors can together supply some 250 tons of air per hour.





The World of Books

JOURNALIST IN A COUNTRY TOWN

The Reminiscences of a Provincial Newspaperman; Novels by Elisabeth Kyle and Kate O'Brien; America Today and Yesterday, and Other New Fiction

WHEN a newspaper "goes to bed" it is not for the purpose of sleep. This is the phrase colloquially or technically used for going to press and it is the culminating point of all the work and pressure of the day or the week. In Mr. Anthony Brode's amusing and evocative book of reminiscence, TO BED ON THURSDAY (Elek. 15s.), the title refers to the press day of the weekly country newspaper on which he worked as reporter during the war, being disbarred from active service by extremely short sight. The paper naturally had an editor and a proprietor, a youngish, sympathetic schoolmaster, who had inherited the property without adopting any of the characteristics of a Press baron.

Mr. Brode is a funny, intelligent and likable stylist: I found the real stuff of country town life in these pages and I hope he won't mind my saying that he has affinities with Miss Mitford—the earlier one—in spite of his far more robust approach to such problems as lethargy in the Urban District Council.

ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR THE KON-TIKI LEADER: Thor Heyerdahl, the famous Norwegian explorer, is seen at a reception in London. He is holding a copy of his latest book, *Aku-Aku*, which concerns Easter Island, in the Pacific. *Aku-Aku* was reviewed in "The Sphere" in the issue of April 5.

Miss Elisabeth Kyle's new novel is a kind of fairy tale with a moral at the end, which, to some unregenerate readers, will be like the offer of a glass of champagne with a prune at the bottom of the cup. THE OTHER MISS EVANS (Peter Davies. 15s.) has enough of Miss Kyle's story-telling ability to engage one's attention and enough of her sensitive awareness of places—in this case Dubrovnik—to give the story an odd, spicy flavour. Apart from that, the setting is as real as the plot is incredible and I speak as one who respects the improbable and knows that it is very far from the impossible. Nevertheless, and just because of the authenticity of the background, it is difficult to believe that an ordinary, pretty English girl with a secret background of melodrama, would so readily be able to engage the affections of an immensely rich, immensely ambitious Yugoslav politician, twice her age. For the purposes of the novel though, it makes a charming tale and possibly a cruise-inducer.

AS MUSIC AND SPLENDOUR (Heinemann. 16s.) is Miss Kate O'Brien's new novel, which is to say that it is a book inspired with her unique characteristics of tenderness, acuity and wide experience. The period is the '80's, the scene at first a strict pension in Paris where singing is not so much instilled as inlaid and, secondly, Rome where the two young Irish girls, whose story this is, learn their music according to a more golden rule. Starting slowly, gathering momentum and ending on a classically minor note long before the reader would have wished a conclusion, this is one of Miss O'Brien's most haunting works. One quality alone would make it that: her perfect understanding of the singing voice and her magical ability to convey exactly the *kinds* of voices that the two friends develop, as reflections of their natures. Enchanting and a little magical.

Two American novels this week have only a New York background in common, for the first is a slick and contemporary tale of big business (a contemporary business at that) and the victims and victors concerned in it, while the other deals with a less plushy part of the city forty years back and a heterogeneous group of people just on the hither side of poverty. First, to take them alphabetically if nothing else, Miss N. B. Lamont's THE BEAUTY MAKERS (Cassell. 15s.), which depends on the cosmetic trade for its plots and counter-plots and Fifth Avenue for the elegance of its setting. The telling of this tale has all the smoothness of a good foundation cream and is far more readable than the information on the backs of face cream jars. Enlightening, if not inspiring, and entertaining in a heartless kind of way. The author, incidentally, is English.

MISS BANTLING IS MISSING (Macdonald. 15s.) makes far more appeal to the sentiments and is no more slick than an old pawn ticket. Mr. Joseph W. Meaher is a young American writer from the mysterious regions of Brooklyn who writes about Manhattan forty years ago and makes it seem as rich and various a background as the Bagdad of the old tales. This is one of those novels with a multiplicity of characters, all well defined and most of them relevant to the story's movement. Reading it produces something of the cosy, sheltered, unapproachable quality of a long journey alone in a first-class carriage. Novels with a cast list as long as this one are sometimes filed under the heading of picaresque. This one, however, is in a less romantic tradition and nearer to Dickens than to Cervantes.

BLANCHE (Barrie Books. 16s.) is by Nicolas de Crosta and has been translated from the original German by A. Pomerans. It is the story of an American heiress married to a Prussian officer at the turn of the century and remaining in her adopted country through wars and precarious peace to end her days, surviving most of her friends, in the quiet and luxury of a home in Switzerland. In many ways, this reads like a family document, only a little romanticised, and it is all the more touching for that. As a picture of Germany in its pride, in military and economic defeat and in the recrudescence of the aggressive spirit, seen entirely through the framework of a domestic life, the novel has a certain serious value.

Mr. Sylvester Stein has written about one aspect of the racial problem in South Africa and, almost unbelievably, has made of it a book with considerable humour. SECOND-CLASS TAXI (Faber. 15s.) is the story of a young African called Staff-nurse Phofolo, more usually known as Stuffiness, living in the Transvaal and, in spite of natural good will, slightly bewildered by The System. Mr. Stein has the gifts of perception, wit and tolerance which, together, add up to a considerable endowment for a writer. Add to that a complete contempt for the *cliché* of thought or expression and you have an interesting novelist.

THE GUIDE (Methuen. 15s.), by Mr. R. K. Narayan, is a novel of India by an Indian writer and, although it is written in English, it retains the freshness and close identification of the man who is writing, knowledgeably and affectionately, about his own country. The story opens with a man sitting outside an old temple. Although a recently freed convict, he is mistaken for a holy man and when his advice is asked, taken and proved successful, the man finds himself launched on an unexpected career. Subtle though lightly written and, even to the uninitiated, a true picture of an Indian aspect.

Three new detective stories, each of which is well worth adding to your list. THE FINISHING STROKE (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is Ellery Queen's best effort for some years and that alone should be enough to recommend it. Ellery Queen, a well-known pen name for a couple of reticent American writers, is (or are) always very good at the real enigma of identity, in the same sense that Mr. Carter Dickson remains the champion of the Closed Room puzzle. In the present book, the mystery starts with a Christmas-to-Twelfth-Night party in a country house not too far from New York and twenty-eight years ago. It ends in San Francisco in the present day and I may add that just when the reader thinks he has the solution beautifully taped—about half-way through—Ellery Queen weighs in with a further and, as far as I know, perfectly original twist. Complicated, of course, but an admirable exercise for the little grey cells.

MURDER IN MAJORCA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) has more of adventure than mystery about it and (I am here to prove it) is one of those books which, far from being laid aside for meals or sleeping, contrive to turn up by your plate or at your bedside. In other words, this very fast-moving tale of Mr. Michael Bryan's has to be read to a finish in as short a space of time as possible.

THE SLAYER AND THE SLAIN (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), by Miss Helen McCloy, is a thriller but far from a conventional one since it is concerned with schizophrenia and similar fancy work. Exciting but not as gripping as it would have been if there had not been so heavy an emphasis on medico-psychological factors.

THE STORIES OF SEAN O'FAOLAIN (Hart-Davis. 21s.) contains the twenty-seven short stories which the author wishes to preserve from the work of thirty years. Ten are published for the first time in book form. The remainder have appeared in one or other of Mr. O'Faolain's three previous collections of stories. In his introduction the author declares: "to re-write years after is a form of forgery." For this reason even his earliest stories are unaltered and the book shows clearly the development of one of Ireland's finest story-tellers from his beginnings as a romantic and a revolutionary to his mature and highly intelligent middle-age of to-day. Undoubtedly Mr. O'Faolain is one of the great masters of his art.

Vernon Fane.

THE SOLLY JOEL STORY

A Biography by His Son

Solomon Barnato Joel was one of the makers of modern Africa. He also made his own fortune, and he was one of the greatest figures on the turf that this century has known. This son of the slums of the East End of London was something more than a financial genius and a personality of the turf. He was a very human man, the centre of a delightful family, a person worth remembering for his fine qualities and his generosity of spirit. Because it dwells on all these things Stanhope Joel's ACE OF DIAMONDS (Frederick Muller. 18s.) is a mature biography; it is also a son's glowing tribute to his father. Solly Joel was never exactly a happy man, for all his wealth and success; his uncle's suicide, the murder of his brother by a blackmailing malefactor who persecuted the family for years, and the ingratitude of the daughter he loved were not the ingredients for a happy life, but Solly made the most of his days, dynamic at once at work and play, and as he grew older he shed none of his responsibilities; he just kept going to the end. As his son has said "he played the whole act of life contemporaneously." There may be only two regrets about this excellent book. Racing folk will feel that they should have been given more details of Solly's successes on the Turf. Those knowledgeable about the ways of big business and the development of the diamond and gold fields of South Africa may feel that Solly Joel's racing interests have been over-stressed against the background of his real work. Perhaps a fair balance has been struck.

BID THE SOLDIERS SHOOT (Heinemann. 18s.) is the work of John Lodwick, who calls it "a record of illusions lost." In some ways it is a pity that this chronicle should come late in the stream of war books. It would be unfortunate if it were to be overlooked on that account. Mr. Lodwick imparts an especial glint to his narrative, a glint which only an accomplished novelist can achieve. Here is no conventional story of escape through mole-like ingenuity, but an enthralling account of prison camps which seemed to await the author with the inevitability of Greek tragedy. The book is an impressive narrative of humour, cynicism, fact, grisly truth and some fairly profound observations on the human race at war. Mr. Lodwick's summing-up of the German ethos is a masterly piece of succinct analysis which concludes with the statement that "one day the Germans will have to confront a task which they have not yet faced; the task of living." How right he is.

Completing an uncompleted novel by a major novelist is a literary exercise unlikely to enhance any literary reputation, just as any good copy of a Leonardo or a Vermeer (unless it be a masterly forgery that has hoodwinked the world in the Van Meegeren manner) is not likely to cause much stir. However, novelist John Coates has taken the risk and in THE WATSONS (Methuen. 16s.) he has moulded Jane Austen's fragment of a novel, a work interrupted by her father's death in 1805, and welded it into a most readable story. Jane Austen certainly gave Mr. Coates a good start with a number of promising characters. The transition from Austen to Coates takes place in the third paragraph of Chapter 7, and the Austen section represents less than a quarter of the whole book. One can be sure that enthusiastic "Janeites" will comb *The Watsons* for uncharacteristic lines, but the less critical will find this a lively book in its own right with a strong sense of both character and period.

Here is another piece of literary juggling, and possibly even more skilful than that of Mr. Coates. Cecil Abernethy, mindful of the strong personality of Samuel Pepys that reaches out from the Diary, has created a narrative of this stirring time with its central figure in MR. PEPYS OF SEETHING LANE (W. H. Allen. 25s.). The many-sided Pepys is shown as the purposeful civil servant, the more or less devoted family man, and unflagging man about town, a very human fellow of contradictory character, of many rare qualities and a fair share of human failings. The Dutch Wars, the Great Plague, and the Great Fire of London provide stirring interludes of which Mr. Abernethy takes full dramatic advantage, but this essence of the 3,000-page diary depends not on these highlights so much as on the author's true understanding of the social structure of London at the period when Pepys walked its streets and lived his vivid years.

HODSON AND HIS HORSE

Two characteristics barred William Hodson of Hodson's Horse, born in 1821, from rising conventionally to the top of his profession. He always felt (and often said) that he knew better than his superior officers and he was never a good mixer or mess-mate. Two other factors prevented his dying a decorated general. He loved fighting and was quite reckless, and his service was chiefly spent in the fearful hazards of the Indian Mutiny. These facts should make any biography of Hodson extremely colourful and it is perhaps curious that romance is not the word we apply to the careers of the notables of his day, even the heroes of the Mutiny. There was something in the clothes they wore and in their hair-styles that trivially suggest that colour and romance died with the passing of the Reform Bill and were slow to revive in the Victorian era.

In RIDER ON A GREY HORSE (Cassell. 21s.) Mr. Barry Cork sheds new light on this arrogant product of Arnold's Rugby who drifted out to India in the years before the Mutiny and made military intelligence his speciality. Henry Lawrence recognised the merits of the man and of his speciality and became his patron. He rose swiftly but his arrogance made him enemies and his criminal negligence over the accounts of the Corps of Guides caused his reduction to the lowest officer rank. With the Mutiny reinstatement came swiftly. Such a man was indispensable. Soon enough he became a legend for daring and inside knowledge, and his troops of irregular Horse carried all before them to the gates of Delhi and Lucknow.

He was again unjustly accused, this time of looting in Delhi, and reaped infamy for the "murder" of the Princes of Delhi, for which, no doubt, he had some of the excuses of the knights who murdered Becket. He died from wounds received during the relief of Lucknow. If fighting was his hobby, he had his full share of it. But his was not a happy nature, and even his happy marriage brought him more of sorrows and separation than quiet contentment. Contentment was not in his nature, but he deserved better of his queen and country, alive or dead; and that Mr. Cork makes clear in a careful, unsentimental record.

John Gore.

FRENCE RATTIGAN'S NEW PLAY: The playwright is seen with Margaret Leighton, who takes the leading role in his new play, *Variation on a Theme*, which has opened at the Manchester Opera House. The London first night will be at the Globe Theatre on May 8.

The picture of the Universe revealed by modern astronomical research raises many utterly baffling questions in the mind of every thinking man. Because of their fundamental nature they lead us inevitably to a deep interest in the night sky and the vast systems that lie beyond those galaxies the eye can see. Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the former Astronomer Royal, poses many of these questions in his introduction to Vincent de Callatay's ATLAS OF THE SKY (Macmillan. 65s.). This unique atlas has been planned essentially for the use of amateurs, and the thirty-six major plates show all those stars which are visible to the naked eye on a clear moonless night. Accompanying information and line drawings explain the major diagrams, and the whole work is simply and most admirably planned.

Readers of THE SPHERE are familiar with the work of the ornithological expeditions to the Coto Doñana of Spain from the articles by Guy Mountfort, published from time to time, with photographs by Eric Hosking. Now, in PORTRAIT OF A WILDERNESS (Hutchinson. 30s.), Mr. Mountfort tells the full story of the expeditions and, of course, Mr. Hosking contributes many of his superb and often unique pictures. Ornithologists will certainly want to read this book and many others will learn something of the pleasures, and rigours, of bird observation in what is undoubtedly one of the most important wild-life refuges in Europe to-day. R. C. E.

"SOME ARE BORN GREAT, SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS, AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM": Malvolio (Richard Wordsworth), overwhelmed by delusions of grandeur, ponders over the letter he has found, supposedly written by Olivia, but actually counterfeited by Maria (Judi Dench), on the right, in a scene from *Twelfth Night* at the Old Vic in London. Smiling at the success of their stratagem to make the affected major domo appear ridiculous are, from left to right, Fabian (James Culliford), Sir Toby Belch (Paul Daneman) and Sir Andrew Aguecheek (John Neville). Feste (Derek Godfrey) peers through the foliage. The production of Shakespeare's best comedy is by Michael Benthall and the costumes and sets are designed by Desmond Heeley. Other parts are played by John Humphry as Orsino, Barbara Jefford as Viola, Jill Dixon as Olivia and Neville Jason as Sebastian. The production departed from the traditional in the casting of a young, small and fair actress as Olivia, who is usually cast as a mature statuesque woman. Despite its broad humour, *Twelfth Night* contains more than a hint of sadness and the sets for this production of russet-leaved, broken arches and decaying garden lend an appropriate air of melancholy.

A QUESTION OF CRICKET: Discussing cricket in this scene from *Not In The Book*, Arthur Watkyn's comedy thriller at the Criterion, are Pedro Juarez (Sydney Tafler), Colonel Barstow (Charles Heslop) and Andrew Bennett (Wilfrid Hyde White).

TWO NEW PRODUCTIONS IN LONDON

On left—
A PRECARIOUS SITUATION: Inspector Malcolm (Martin Wyldeck) cannot understand Andrew Bennett's strange behaviour as he talks to Dr. Locke (Michael Nightingale) after his planned perfect murder has gone awry. *Not In The Book* is Henry Sherek's hundredth production since the end of the war. Directed by Nigel Patrick, it follows the pattern of *Ten Minute Alibi* in that it shows a respectable citizen trying to carry out murder and finding, to his great horror, the action taking the wrong course. But whereas *Ten Minute Alibi* was a serious piece, this new play is not. The attempts of a Civil Servant to murder a blackmailer by following the plot of an unpublished novel concerning the perfect murder of a blackmailer produces continuous laughter.

THE LAND VEHICLE IS HERE TO STAY

Roadside "Spot Checks"; Adaptations to the Bentley "S" Series and Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud; Notes About the Parking-Meter Experiment, and the Foreign Touring "Freedom" Movement; and a New Model from Austins

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Land-Rover has now been in production for ten years. More than 200,000 have been built. Of this total more than 75 per cent. have been exported to over 150 countries. Australia alone has taken 27,000. It is a fine record. The Land-Rover has become a classic design among British motor vehicles. With its square, compact, purposeful look it has become a familiar feature of the landscape not only in Britain but all over the world.

It is a vehicle built for the toughest forms of motoring, and it looks the part. It is a functional vehicle *par excellence*. That is why it comes as a bit of a surprise to learn that the Rover Company have dared to alter its traditional appearance. I was surprised when first told by a Rover executive that they had "made it a bit rounder-looking." But I need not have worried. They have done nothing really drastic. In fact, the Land-Rover's appearance has been improved, mainly by giving the wings a smooth curve which is carried right along the waistline. It is this change that strikes one most when looking at the new range of Series II Land-Rovers announced this week.

The biggest change, however, is the introduction of a new 2¼-litre petrol engine for the long-wheelbase models. This 4-cylinder unit is based on the firm's 2-litre diesel engine. It develops 77 brake horse-power at 4,250 r.p.m. That is 25 b.h.p. more than the 2-litre petrol engine gives. It will make the 109-in.-wheelbase Land-Rover an even bigger load-carrier. It is still available with the 2-litre diesel unit.

Both short and long wheelbase models have improved suspension. This has made possible a track 1½ ins. wider than before. One of the advantages is a smaller turning circle. The whole range benefits from redesigned telescopic shock-absorbers and it is true to say that the new Land-Rovers are more comfortable to ride in as well as being better-looking. The long wheelbase models have a bigger rear window and new quarter lights.

The other improvements include better seating, pendant type clutch and brake pedals, windows of non-scratch glass and an external fuel filler with a telescopic filter tube. This facilitates topping-up from cans when working off the beaten track. There are still five basic Land-Rover models: three with short (88 ins.) wheelbase (regular model, fire tender and station wagon); two long wheelbase (regular model and station wagon).

A choice of petrol or diesel engine is offered for all with the exception of the long station wagon, which is powered only by the 2-litre petrol unit. The four-wheel drive, eight-speed Land-Rovers are exempt from purchase tax (except the station wagon models). The new models are only slightly dearer. Increases range from £10 to £22. The cheapest Land-Rover is the 88-in. "regular" model, which now costs £640. The dearest (apart from the station wagons) is the de luxe diesel-engined 109-in. model (£840, which shows a rise of £12). The £22 increase affects the 109-in. models with the new 2¼-litre petrol engines.

The Minister of Transport (Mr. Harold Watkinson) has made it clear that spot checks at the roadside are to be an important feature of the compulsory testing of motor vehicles. All motorists will soon be subject to this new road safety move, whereby the Ministry's examiners may go up to any car or van, irrespective of its age, and check it for roadworthiness. If they want to stop cars on the move, however, they will have to enlist the co-operation of uniformed police officers.

The examiners have had power for some time to carry out these roadside checks, but it has been exercised on only a small scale. The vehicles most concerned have been of the commercial type. At the moment there are 230 vehicle examiners in the country, mainly engaged on the testing of commercial vehicles, buses and coaches. The Minister now proposes to increase this force to 300. In addition to carrying out spot checks, they will also have the task of inspecting the premises of garages the owners of which are prepared to volunteer to operate a testing station for ten-year-old vehicles when the compulsory scheme comes into effect later this year. The idea underlying the system of the spot checks is, of course, to frighten motorists into keeping their cars in good mechanical trim all the year round. The Minister has indicated that he especially wants to prevent motorists leaving urgent repairs undone until just before they are due to have their annual roadworthiness examination.

PROVING ITS STABILITY OVER A DIFFICULT SURFACE: The vehicle being put through its paces is one of five models in the new range of Series II Land-Rovers, which incorporate a new body style with improved seating and controls.

Writing about the Rolls-Royce and Bentley refrigeration unit in my last notes, I was unable to announce the cost. For the "S" Series Bentley and Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud models the equipment costs £577 10s., including tax. For the coachbuilt models, including the Continental and Silver Wraith, the price is £825.

When I went to Crewe to try out a refrigerated Rolls I also had a good look round the assembly plant. It is an experience I always enjoy. You can't begin to appreciate the quality of Rolls-Royce workmanship until you have seen the bare chassis and have had a chance of inspecting design features not normally visible.

It is an education, too, to talk to the men on the assembly-line. Without exception I found them tremendously enthusiastic about their job and very proud of the cars they help to build. One thing I did not realise was that the hydraulic braking system of all Rolls-Royce and Bentley models is now duplicated. A Rolls owner once had an accident when his brakes failed. "Right!" said the firm's executives. "From now on we 'll fit two braking systems." The Rolls paint-shop is a particularly fascinating place. To begin, they put on five coats of primer, rubbing down by hand between each application. Then come at least fourteen coats of the basic colour! Between each coat the car is inspected and defects, however slight, are marked in chalk.

It looks as though London's parking-meter experiment will begin early next July. The Minister of Transport has made the necessary order. The Westminster City Council can now go ahead and order the 600-odd meters. These will be installed in twenty-eight separate streets in that corner of Mayfair bounded by Oxford Street, New Bond Street, Grosvenor Square and Park Lane. When the meters come into use more than half the 1,300 cars normally parked in the streets affected will have to be taken elsewhere. Parking charge will be 6d. for one hour and 1s. for two.

If a car is left for more than four hours a red flag will show on the meter and the attendant will stick a label on the windscreen notifying the driver that he has committed an offence and that he will be hearing from the police.

The foreign touring "Freedom" movement is gathering momentum. There are now nine countries in Europe whose Governments have said to the motorists of other nations: "You may now bring your car into our country without depositing duty or producing a carnet or triptique." The latest additions to the list are Denmark and the Benelux countries: Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. They joined the new freedom club on April 1. France had enrolled on March 30. Norway and Sweden are expected to fall into line soon. But there are no signs yet of Britain, Italy and Spain following suit. Their reactionary attitude is difficult to understand, having regard to the value of the tourist trade.

Having said that, I want to warn motorists against expecting too much from the new "freedom." Snags are inevitable until the new arrangements have had a chance to settle down, and I strongly advise British motorists who are planning Continental holidays to take out a carnet in the usual way. If they don't, I think they may run the risk of delay at ports of entry or at frontier posts. Customs officials may take a little time to get used to the regulations and there may be a tendency to deal first with cars for which the familiar and respected carnet is produced.

Those who decide not to bother about a carnet must remember to take with them the car's registration book, their driving licence and a temporary exportation certificate. The last-named document is in effect a statement of the car's specification which the British Customs require in duplicate. On this point the Commissioners of Customs and Excise give this advice: "The specification should be either on the special Identification Form issued to members by the A.A. and R.A.C. or, alternatively, on the official Form 29C (Sale), which may be obtained from H.M. Stationery Office, through any bookseller or at the main ports concerned."

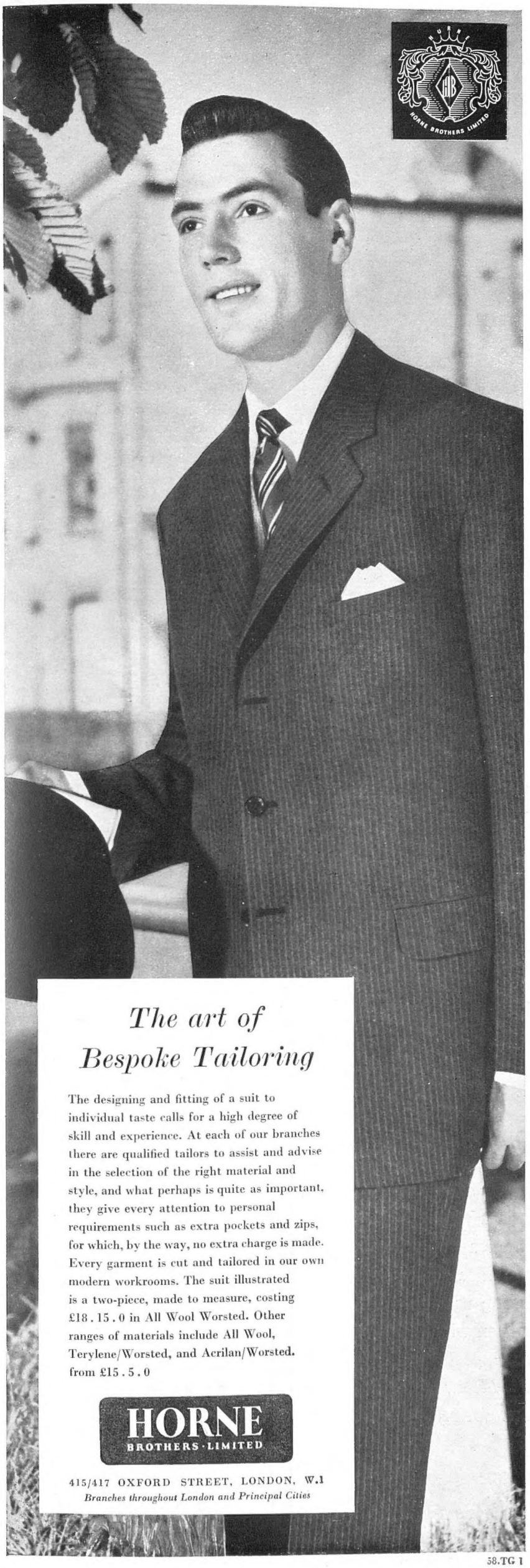
Another word of warning: if the car you are taking abroad is not registered in your name you will also need an international motor vehicle certificate. And if you are going to a country which does not recognise foreign driving licences you will also need an international driving permit. Both these documents are obtainable, price 10s. 6d. each, from the A.A. or R.A.C. In issuing them the motoring organisations act as Government agents and the fee is fixed officially. It is when you come to deal with all these separate, irritating formalities that you appreciate the advantages of paying £3 for a carnet and all that goes with it.

BRITAIN DOMINATES THE INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW IN NEW YORK: A general view of some of the British stands on the main exhibition floor. In the first three days British manufacturers sold about £1,785,000 worth of vehicles. Of 275 models on show, 110 are British. Britain was the leading supplier of new foreign cars to the U.S. last January.

The British Motor Corporation has announced a new de luxe version of its 6-cylinder, 2.6-litre Austin A.105 saloon. It will be known as the "Vanden Plas" 105 after the name of the B.M.C. coachbuilding subsidiary which is responsible for its fine interior finish. The interior has a luxurious atmosphere, reminiscent of the Vanden Plas Austin Princess. Facia and window-frames are in walnut, there is hide upholstery and deep pile carpets are fitted.

Externally, the new model is distinguished by its special colour schemes and wheel discs and the name "Vanden Plas" incorporated in the badges. In standard form, with Borg-Warner overdrive, the new Austin costs £1,475, tax included. The basic price is £159 10s. more than that of the normal 105. With Borg-Warner automatic transmission, the Vanden Plas 105 costs £1,568 17s. Anyone buying the overdrive version of the new model can ask for a central gear-lever instead of the steering column shift.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



The art of Bespoke Tailoring

The designing and fitting of a suit to individual taste calls for a high degree of skill and experience. At each of our branches there are qualified tailors to assist and advise in the selection of the right material and style, and what perhaps is quite as important, they give every attention to personal requirements such as extra pockets and zips, for which, by the way, no extra charge is made. Every garment is cut and tailored in our own modern workrooms. The suit illustrated is a two-piece, made to measure, costing £18 . 15 . 0 in All Wool Worsted. Other ranges of materials include All Wool, Terylene/Worsted, and Acrilan/Worsted. from £15 . 5 . 0

HORNE BROTHERS · LIMITED

415/417 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Branches throughout London and Principal Cities

58.TG 1

Queen of Scots

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD

Distillers · Leith · Scotland

THE MARK OF MEN WHO MAKE THEIR MARK

VANTELLA SHIRTS

Add Tone to Good Tailoring

The cosmopolitan air traveller, the man of affairs, the international celebrity, meet on common ground. They have an air of authority and of consequence. Vantella Shirts, too, have much to do with an appearance which commands it, for they are very often to be seen at every important airport in the world.

Vantella shirts are obtainable in an admirably chosen range of patterns and in white at leading Outfitters everywhere.
Fully illustrated Pattern Cards are available free on request from :-
Advertising Manager, VANTELLA, 465 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Featuring **VAN HEUSEN** *Collars to match and to spare, and replaceable Cuffs and Neckbands, Vantella Shirts possess the crispness and lasting character which only poplin of first-class quality can give. Such pure, unprocessed cloth naturally 'breathes' comfort for travellers, being porous, absorbent and non-clammy in hot weather.*

Give your friends

SANDEMAN PORT

real port from Portugal

3 STAR Ruby, Tawny or White **19/6**
PARTNERS': Finest Rich Ruby **22/-**

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD
20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, EC4

GEOFFREY

HOUSEHOLD

An Autobiography

Against the Wind

Geoffrey Household's career as a banker in the Middle East, as a sales representative in Spain and South America and, during the war, as a Security Officer, has been as entertaining and exciting as his novels. His autobiography is written with the pace and vividness which one expects from the author of *Rogue Male* and *Fellow Passenger*. *Recommended by the Book Society* 21/-.

MICHAEL JOSEPH LTD 26 BLOOMSBURY ST WC1

You're free as air

For a wonderful, wonderful sun-warmed holiday where everyone is gay and life and good living run smoothly you cannot better the days you spend at the METROPOLE in Brighton.

Every kind of entertainment flourishes in Brighton from fun on the beach to sophisticated theatre and Brighton's historic magnificence is well matched by the comfort, good service and fine food of the equally magnificent

METROPOLE
BRIGHTON

Details in full and reservations from the resident manager: BRIGHTON 24041

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. Saturday, April 19, 1958. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"WHEN WE GO TO THE SEA," a correspondent wrote me recently, "we like to choose an hotel where we not only have a sea view but something to see on the water. Can you tell us—other than our favourite hotel, The Greenbank, Falmouth—where we can be sure of finding something similar?"

The Greenbank at Falmouth is, undoubtedly, unique in its position right on the water's edge of that wonderful land-locked harbour. The whole hotel is impregnated with life on the water and lovers of earlier days of sail and steam will enjoy the models, prints and nautical environments of an hotel which caters in as interested a manner for motorists as it does for those who mess about in boats. Now, to try and answer our correspondent.

Overlooking the River Dart is a tucked-away country-house type of hotel called The Redoubt, near Kingswear. It commands, on one side of its grounds, a fascinating observation post of all craft entering or leaving this waterway and, on the other side, its view extends up the river to The Royal Naval College on the opposite bank. Never a dull moment need one have at this friendly country domain where one might assume that its proprietor is someone associated with the Navy. On the contrary, for the resident owners are Group-Captain Carter and his wife, and here, indeed, they have their feet well implanted on the red soil of Devon with the predominant craft of the sea and not of the air.

While we are in the same neighbourhood, let us choose, as our next scene, fishing and pleasure craft in place of the Royal Navy.

Only a few miles away stands the old-world and historic port of Brixham. In the height of the summer season, its small but busy port is the objective of motor-coaches, private cars, motor-cyclists and scooter enthusiasts. However, as one who is always learning to avoid the main stream of traffic, I have found an hotel, The Northcliffe, Brixham, which provides a grandstand view of that quaint harbour where fishing vessels sail in and out, engaged in harvesting the sea. The Northcliffe—incidentally it is open all the year round—has, from its commencement thirty years ago, been a friendly, family hotel under the direction of Mrs. Silley and her daughter, the Countess of Orkney. I can confidently recommend this hotel to my correspondent as well as to all who would enjoy Torbay from an unusual angle.

Now for those who have a feeling for Bournemouth and the New Forest area. I have mentioned the hotel before in these columns, but how especially well it fits into the picture of this particular theme. Harbour Heights Hotel, Sandbanks, Bournemouth, is both admirably named and positioned. It stands on the actual site where that great painter, Turner, completed many of his masterpieces. If you are fortunate enough to have a bedroom with a triple view over Bournemouth Bay, Poole Harbour and the Purbeck Hills beyond, how well you will be able to relax, with steam and sail constantly moving on that fascinating, expansive stage—Poole Harbour. Yet the daily view from possibly a balcony bedroom is but a fraction of one's pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Macleod are the resident proprietors, and very much on the spot in providing catering standards far removed from the ordinary with a choice cellar, and they have also created a happy camaraderie which makes for harmonious relations between fellow visitors and staff.

For those who get a thrill, as my wife and I always do, in witnessing the outward sailing and homing of ocean liners, the Isle of Wight presents a great vantage-point. There are a number of hotels which can, in their inclusive terms, invite you to witness that magnificent spectacle of the passing of "The Queens" and other liners. One cannot, in this limitation of space, enlarge upon their amenities but note at Bembridge, Pitt House Country Club where, although you will not get a sea view from your bedroom, a short path leads to an almost private beach and where the food and wine is of such a high order that instead of envying those on board the luxury liners, they may well be envying you for enjoying such good food and wine on *terra firma*. Pitt House opens at Whitsun and while they are bound to be full in the school holiday period, do try and go there in June when the island is at its best and Mr. and Mrs. W. Clegg and their staff may keep your eyes focussed on shippers of wine rather than ships on the water.

One other hotel which, we feel, fits in with our subject is The George Hotel, Yarmouth, where Mrs. Greenland has but one objective—your absolute contentment. From a yachting angle, so many will prefer it to Cowes where, when we stayed there last year, we felt that unless one is knowledgeable on sailing terms, one is out of one's depth.

You will not see the biggest liners at The George, Yarmouth, because they go around the other side of the island, but life from a yachting angle is never dull and I know that, whether or not you are knowledgeable on things nautical, Mrs. Greenland's main thought is for your comfort and enjoyment.

Our space is almost at low water. We must recognise, as we have had to do before, that we can only cover the fringe of a particular theme, so would you write to me if I have started a train of thought in your mind. I cannot fix the stage, but if the curtain can go up in the area in which you are interested perhaps I can provide the hotels. There are so many aspects to this theme.

My mind turns to Gravesend where, at the Royal Clarendon, one has, from some bedrooms, a dress circle seat of big and small ships, outward- and inward-bound to and from the greatest port in the world—London.

Switching to Blakeney, in Norfolk, I think of The Blakeney Hotel, where sailing and chug-chug motor-boats are concerned with catching the tide. In a flash, my thoughts turn to the Clyde where busy ferryboats go in and out to Rothesay, Arran, and so on, and, just below, in the haze, is an ocean-going liner preparing to disembark her Glasgow passengers. Have I forgotten Ireland? Never! At this very moment perhaps a Cunarder is disembarking passengers at Cobh. There is never a dull moment on the highways of the waterways.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing; or just eating, drinking and being lazy. Write R. Kaulback.

BOURNEMOUTH, Alum Chine. STUDLAND DENE
The hotel nearest the sea. Modern, friendly. Good table and cellar. Club Bar and away from the madding crowd. Tel.: Westbourne 64024.

NR. BOURNEMOUTH, SANDBANKS. HARBOUR HEIGHTS HOTEL
Outstanding in food, wine, service and position. Overlooking Poole Harbour. Close sands, sea, sailing. Golf (Parkstone). Fully licensed. Tel.: Canford Cliffs 77272.

NR. BARTON-ON-SEA, Hants. CHEWTON GLEN HOUSE
in a 25-acre estate, offers the charm of the New Forest, sands, sea and golf (1 mile), and the merits of experienced cooking. Tel.: Highcliffe 2741.

BOURNEMOUTH. LINDEN HALL HOTEL
"The jolliest, happiest, holiday hotel in Britain irrespective of weather." A popular verdict and no wonder! A superb indoor heated swimming-pool and Squash Courts (resident instructors). Ballroom, Bridge, Billiards, Tennis, modernised bedrooms and those magnets of attraction, good fare and cellar. Tel.: Boscombe 33533.

CIRENCESTER, Gloucestershire. KING'S HEAD
Where Roundheads and Royalists once clashed, modern travellers enjoy a bedroom with private bath, and excellent food in a gay restaurant. Tel.: 677.

CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly-positioned hotel, fully-licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Tel.: Connel 202.

NR. DRUMNADROCHIT. LEWISTON ARMS
An old Scottish Inn. Excellent centre for walking. Salmon, sea and brown trout fishing. Home produce. No charabancs or television. Drumnadrochit 225.

NR. EDINBURGH, GULLANE. GREYWALLS
A charming Lutyens house within easy reach of city, facing Muirfield Links. Lovely garden. Tennis court. Interesting catering. Licensed. Tel.: Gullane 2144.

FALMOUTH. GREENBANK HOTEL
For Spring sunshine, for Summer sailing, choose this hotel with its comfortable nautical atmosphere, situated on the water's edge of Falmouth Harbour. First-class food and service and genial climate. Tel.: 440.

LONDON, S.W.7. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL
Close South Kensington Underground and Air Terminal. 41 bedrooms (radio equipped). Some private baths. TV. Licensed. Friendly environment. Tel.: KEN 3693.

OBAN. CORRIEMAR HOTEL
A WINDOW SEAT from which to enjoy the Firth of Lorne, and Mountains of Mull. Quietly yet centrally situated for steamer, rail and road excursions. See and enjoy Scotland staying at this 14-bedroomed hotel.

NR. OXFORD, WESTON-ON-THE-GREEN. WESTON MANOR HOTEL
Mrs. M. L. Sears is now resident owner of this historic hotel. C.H. throughout. Private bathrooms. Squash court. Week-end dance. Haute cuisine. Licensed. 9 miles Oxford. Tel.: Bletchington 60.

RAVENSCAR, Nr. Scarborough. RAVEN HALL
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Terms from 42s. a day cover use of hotel swimming-pool, Golf, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

NR. SALCOMBE, South Devon. GARA ROCK HOTEL
A sun-trap overlooking the sea and away from the crowd. Young families especially welcome. Swimming-pool in grounds. Service Flats April to June. TV. Tel.: Salcombe 342.

TROON. THE MARINE
One of Scotland's finest hotels, facing the Firth of Clyde and near the lovely Burns' country. Modern, luxurious, furnished for ease, comfort and relaxation. Five famous golf courses, sands, safe bathing, tennis. Tel.: 980.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming-pool, Sporting Golf course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres of grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

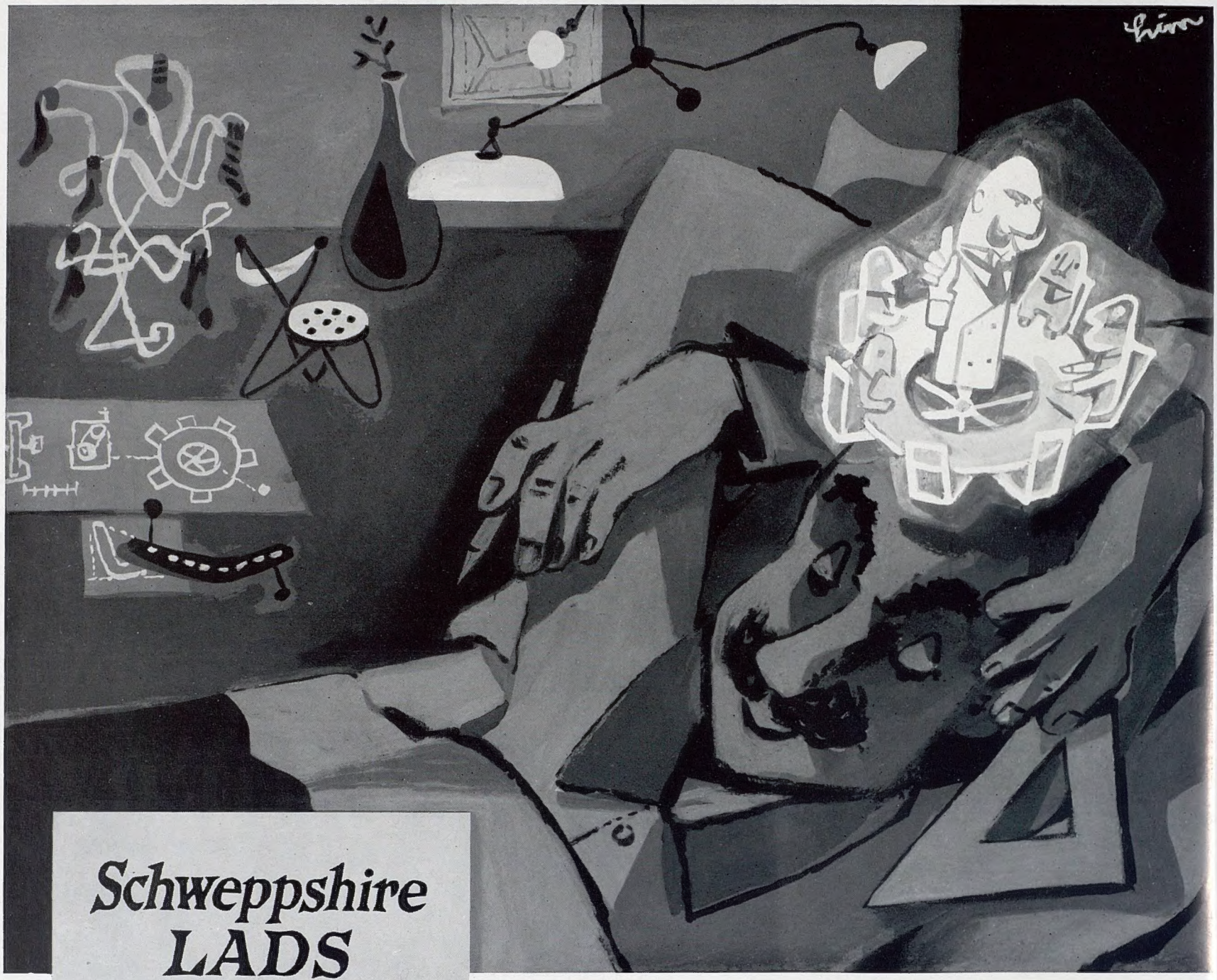
WEYMOUTH, Dorset. GLOUCESTER HOTEL
Famous since George III's reign for comfort, cuisine and "cellar." Sunnily positioned overlooking Weymouth Bay and always in season. A.A. 3-star. Tel.: 404.

SERVICE

Even the best cars—hotels, too—misfire unless they are regularly serviced, so the Management of Torquay's Grand Hotel are naturally keenly attuned to the importance of Service on arrival, departure, in bedrooms, cocktail lounge bar, restaurant and garage. So if you contemplate a holiday in Devon this year, consider as your headquarters

THE GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

Tariff with pleasure from Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul, General Managers.
Tel.: 25234.



Schweppshire LADS

COURT NILES

I always thought that Court Niles was unduly influenced by his peculiar name. Had he been called something more deep rooted like Barstone he might have gone on for ever taking ten deep breaths first thing, standing on the escalator of Green Park Underground Station, turning sharp right outside, and giving up smoking till noon in the office where he was Complaints Manager (Real Honey Export Co.).

But his name gave him a sense that he was born for something or other; which had the effect of making him feel that he simply could not leave anything alone.

The first thing he couldn't leave alone was sock drying. Instead of putting his socks on top of the electric heater in the ordinary way, he had a wire frame made which was not only sensible but also looked quite nice aesthetically. That was the awful thing about all his things, they looked quite nice aesthetically. From sock dryers it was an easy transition through buttonless cuffs to a television set which by interrupted invisible eye, housed in unpolished zinc, turned itself on automatically whenever you went into the room. Soon Real Honey itself was being transformed: not only of course by the creation of the Contemporary Hive Construction Co., (which was really only an old office desk under Court's office window covered with cigarette butts) but by the general infiltration of Design in e.g. the very small circular conference table in front of this old desk which Niles placed on some sort of central peg so that it could revolve for some purpose or other (Design in Movement).

Soon of course Niles was experimenting on the building itself with a simple design for avoiding direct sunlight, which was certainly effective on those three days of the year when direct sunlight was proved to have existed. Soon he had re-designed practically everything except the balance sheet, so that after the inevitable bankruptcy of his firm, and of each successive firm he worked for, he actually became Adviser on Town Planning for the Sunpine New Suburb Development Co., whereupon his work was placed so indefinitely far in the future that he was regarded as relatively safe, though he continued to make people personally uncomfortable about the absence of design in what he called "everyday living". Personally I was rather sorry for the old days when Court was bottled up in Real Honey Export.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH